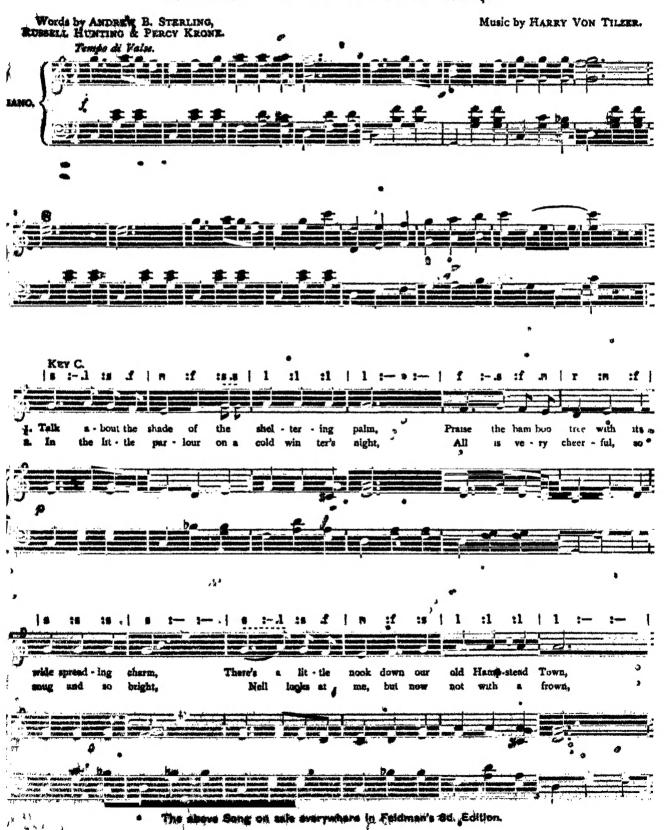
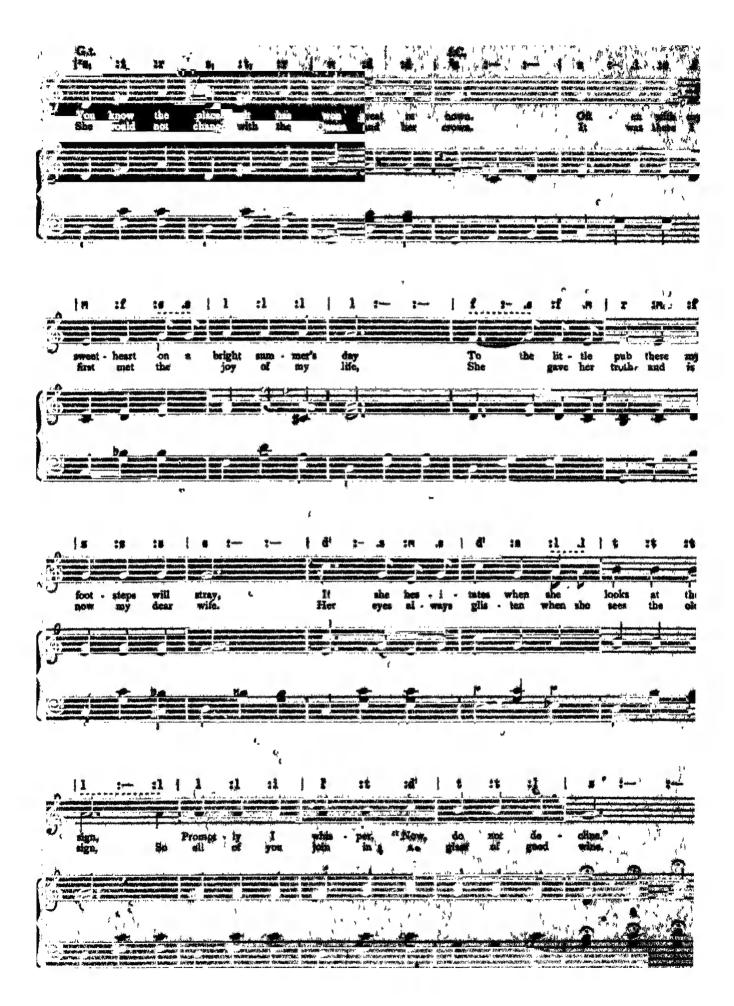


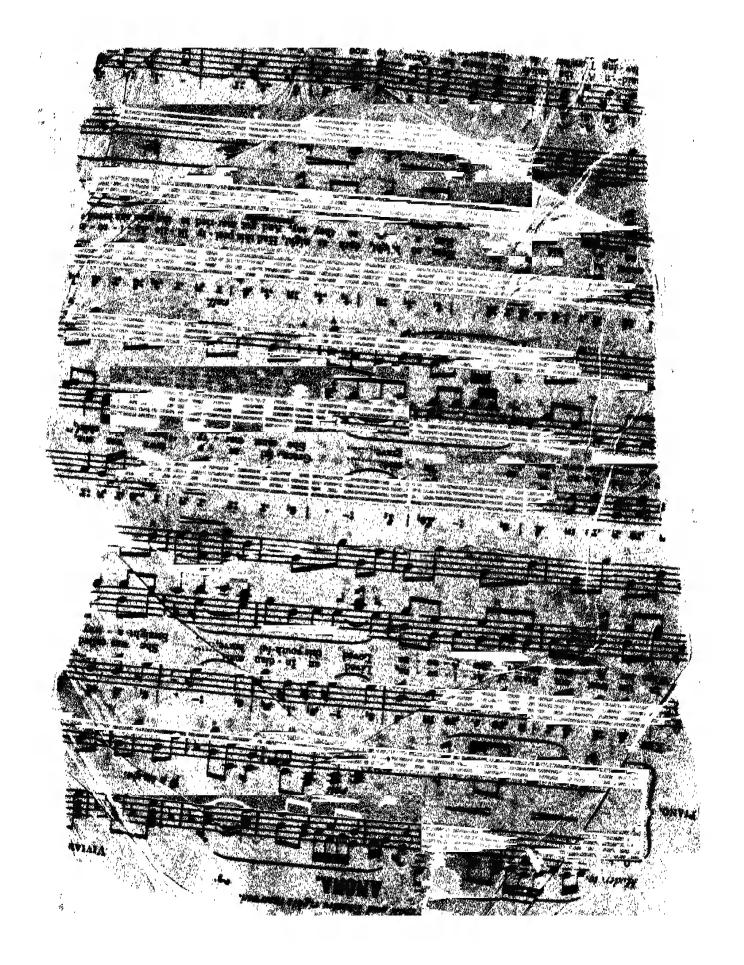
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DOWN AT THE OLD BULL AND BUSH."











THE COWSLIP AND THE COW.

(SUNG BY WILKIE BARD) Words and Music by Frank Leo. VOICE. 'Twas Till ready PIANO. 'm .re :m .s, {r .de :r .s, } d .r :d .s, }t, :s, .se, | l, .l, :s, .se, | l, .l, :d .d | t, a summer's evening that I hay me in the glade, And I hark-ened to the nedgehog's had la 五年 $: d \cdot .d \mid t_i \cdot .l_i : se_i .l_i \mid t_i \cdot .l_i : se_i \cdot .l_i \mid r$ saw the sun go down just like the horse I back'd last week, And the sky-larks they were larking in the sky. Two | s, .s. :s, .s, |d .d :s, .se, | l, : .s. | r .de : r .s. | d .r lov-erscrossed the stile, and by the style they crossed the stile. They were sweethearts with the accent on the .se, s, .1, .1, {d :t, .d | de .r :m .r |d .fe, :t, .l, | r 11 cowslip near their feet nibbled at a



That pretty cow wilked up and down and then wilk I was a liberal glared at them and seeing to safat such,

And the next time I shall kak you in the -' (programmes)

The lover asked the girl if she would like a glass of milk,
She said, 'Yes,' and in what one ign b the a setrices
They crept up very quietly but that cow kelled up her heefs,
And the lovers both went sprawling on the in (pressuremes)
You are my cowship, &c.

He Intwo house of File 19.

At the fit of where I tall the 1.

Yes young dar he will by to become a fit.

Yes my dar he unity to the unity of the soil, 'N, my Lith's teneration of the imme)

The July sail 'Hierocociese to sail Whit the one's

they can the commutate thinks with unity

Stheyers the committee with the wing ut
the Liship ut, Wel wing use it is trated at anot,
Analy up tal in the nastral traffic same of
You are my cow high te

WB -After the first verse has been sung a programme boy walks amongst the authence and sno its Iriginammer, as the situation are in above.

BROWN EYES, OR EYES OF BLUE.



The above Song on sale everywhere in Feldman's 6d. Edition



HIAWATHA.*

(HIS SONG TO MINNI HAHA)



* By arrangement with THE WHITNEY WARDER MUSIC PUBLISHING Co., Detroit, U.S.A. "Anona." (Vivian Grey).

The Latest American Craze Ask to see this !





SMOKE, SMOKE, SMOKE!

OR.

"Framed in Oak."

• (SUNG BY MISS BESSIE WENTWORTH, HERBERT SHELLEY, &c.)







- There's no mistake, we mist be that if now we can it see A man who is Great Pritain's friend, the min fer you in me Throughout the storm he stood his ground and fou hit a in ral
- tight,

 And so I say the I mieror ha acted straight and right
 As I smoke smale smake, all in my a rien fair,
 At I I do in diam drain, in Fiederick sall arm chair
 Than I see see, see a vision that a frimed in oak
 Its Britain and (seemany both hand in bind in the smoke, smoke, smoke,
- 2 The J. kdaws who o love to scient a anist our Cham crium. Have lost some feathers lately, and they l. lose ome more ag in . There's no mistale, he's British, and he's not afted is Joe.

 To I abanchew and all the lot he'll give a knock out llow.

 As I sincke, sincke, smoke all in my garlen fair.

 And I die uit deem dreim, in I em Siger's ild arm chur.

 Then I see, see see a vision that strimed in oak.

 It's Joseph from Brummagem licking the lot in the smoke, smoke, smoke,
- 3 A fiery Taris General has made a funny speech About the great invision and the capture of our beach; Of course he'll find a welcome triman polly Button here, For Sheffield steel is cheap, you I now, and so s a Buttish chees.

- A I so le, so ke, so le dim i y garintur,
 And I he un, dre un dre un, m I i len ke oli armelit,
 Then I see, see a si on that framed meak
 It seers schoolboy taught o hardle gun in the smoke amoke,
 sincke
- 4 I so was diffing to see the sundreade con the distant hill,
 I mean the thoughts for over the sea my heart it often falls.
 It claimly that men so fearless will still be tight prolong.
 When, but for that they never in the tight prolong.
 As I emble, smole smele all meny garden fair.
 And I die un, bream the inner a home with a vacint chair,
 Then I see each a vacint in that framed meak,
 It she have men of Africa both shaking hands in the smoke, smoke,
 smoke.
- 5 Whin St. I mile Cathe had a level musician les. When chief has he charm hom harts and often dimmedicur eyes; It is ushed the charles through with such to derness and grace. And in all the world of nasis there is none to take his place. As I smoke, smoke, smoke all in my garden fair, And I dream, dream, dream, in my gran listles is all aim chair, Then I see, we see a vision that if simed in oak.

Arthur Sullivan stan highly Mendelssohn a side in the smoke, smoke smoke,

"LOVE OR GOLD."











COMMISSIONAIRE.







THE ANGLO-SAXON LANGUAGE.



"Don't fly away, Robin" (William Hargreaves).

The prettiest and most pathetic Ballad published in weres







Take a voyage to France, my hearty,
Ask a Frenchified old party

For refreshments, in your Anglo Saxon, too,
"Beef and beer and taters quick!"
You'll get'em in a tick,

Though you don't know how to Parlez-voo.
And in Spain the Donnas hand you
Spanish wine, and understand you

More so if you say, "My dear, give me a kiss!"
Europe, Africa or Asia,
From a Princess to a Geisha,

English love words, and their meaning, never miss.
Don't they smile and blush at you, by jingo!
If you woo them in the Anglo-Saxon lingo.

2.

Where the Anglo-Saxon language, &c.

We've an Anglo Saxon brother,
Who speaks dur same tongue of "Mother,"
And he's known as Brother Jonathan the smart;
Hailing from the Motherland,
By us he'll always stand,
For he owns an Anglo-Saxon heart.
If abroad our Jack gets set on,
There's a chum that he-can bet on,
From a fisticuff affair up to a war!
Brother Jonathan, by gad, sir!
Hand in hand with "Jack's the lad," sir!
You will always find, when trouble's to the tore.
They could face the world and win, by jingo!
These two brothers of the Anglo-Saxon ango.

Where the Anglo-Saxon language, &c.

SWEETHEARTS STILL.

(SUNG BY MISS VESTA TILLEY)







Outside his Majesty's fail
Mark how a sweet woman waits,
Anxiously watching the pris ners discharged
Dizzly come through the gates.

"Harry, my love!"—to a poor wretch she flies—
"Mary! I've ruined your life!"

"Though you've done wrong, you're my husband," she cried,
"And I am still your dear wife!

Through good or ill
We're sweethearts still.
"Sweethearts still," "&c.

Back from the war, crippled—maimed—
Limps a poor soldier so pale,
Back to his sweetheart—he sees her at last,
And his stout heart seems to fait.
How will she greet a poor cripple like me?
"Give you up, George? never fear!
What care I, crippled and maimed though you be,
That only makes you more dear!
Though well or ill
We're sweethearts still." &c.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE KING.





WHY CAN'T IT ALWAYS BE CHRISTMAS?





The boy's wise wor is raised a hearty cheer, Gra. and was first with a loud, "Hear hear," Then he told them the tale of Red Riding Hood, And the dear little bases in the lonely wood Then in came papt with a load of toys, Big dolls for the girlies, and tops for the boys, Till the wise little boy with the golden hair Was heard through the noise to again declare—"Why can't it always," &c.

Ah! wise little boy with the golden hair,
You must have been prompted by angels frir—
Some grim old magician from lands beyond,
Must have charmed you, unseen, with a magic wand?
For how could you know, in your few short years,
That smiles aren't as plentiful here, as tears,
Or that Yuletide's a rest on the weary way,
Your fairy knew this when she made you say

"Why can't it always," &c.



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HER NAME IS ROSE.







IN THE NAVY. .

(SUNG BY REDDICK ANDERSON)





A Jolly Jack Tar, as we all know, he is a splended chap, lifthe Navy, in the Navy

He goes about his work as though he doesn't care a rap, In t' e Navy, in our Navy

But when he s far from Lugland's shore, fighting o'er the foam, It's thinking of his absent pals, and all the girls at home, And thinking of his sweetheart, no matter what may come, In the Navy, m our Navy

In the Navy, &c.

A Jolly Jack Tai, as you all know, he likes a good old spree,
In the Navy, in the Navy
He falls in love with every pretty damsel that he sees.

He falls in love with every pretty damsel that he sees, In the Navy, in our Navy He'll go out on the Hi, Ti, Hi, and roll home late at night,

He'il go out on the Hi, Ti, Hi, and roll home late at night, But none the less we must admit a Jo ly Tar's all right, For Jack's the lad who's ready for his Country hard to fight. In the Navy, in our Navy.

in the Navy, &c

SHE NEED NOT HAVE A PRETTY FACE.



Only for you, Dear Heart (Kendall Robinson).

Ask to hear this Charming Ballad.





When you've got children, you want's meone there to dress them and send them to school,

Making them tidy and getting their means.

At those jobs a man feels a fool.

You want a woman to make things all right,

About the place she's like sunshine.

Home is sweet home if you've got a good wife:

Ah, I want a good one in mine.

She need not have a pretty face, &c.

When I've done work I come home every night,
And sit by the hre side, and dream
That my wife is there, and then I awake —
How lonely the whole place does seein
A man he can't get along by himselt,
He wants someone to just keep him straight;
The only thing I wan? in all this world is
A loving and tender help mate.
She need not have a pretty face, &c.







"I don't know why some men admire
Only the girl in smart attire,
Who catches him with her worldly talk,
And seems quite an angel on earth;
I much prefer, I must confess,
Your winning smile and homely dress.
Tho' some may think you're a trifle too slow,
Believe me, I know your true worth.

"That's why I love you," &c.

"Many a girl thinks it divine
If in society she can shine,
And she thinks life would be awf'ly dull
If not in the gay giddy whiri.
But your ambitton in life 1 ! now,
Like a true woman you love to show
Your sympathy unto those who are sad.
Ah! you are a most thoughtful girl.

"That's why I love you," &c.

THE LITTLE BIT OF CLOTH WE LOVE.



Show the white of yo' eye (Stanley Crawford).

The quaintest of Coon Songs.





There's a certain rate continual life is spot. Where the 1 is meridian fest where the highin, hot. Ali the Bays are safe Tweed with no to Dunde. Scots wha has, and I don Grays always shout at me. "Who say untillo." That's in fine suit five ever se u. But I tell them don't you's e. "If ou want to walk with me. You will have to be a sold or of the King. Then you'll fook a don't books. When your times in de the cat you shove, For that it in tiest was made for the Highlander Brigade,

There's no money that would buy any coat you see,
Though the Laffy Welshmen try steding on from me
They will whisper when I much through elle unlift say,
"I coket produces, Johany Jones" Of "well, there, I say,"

"Who s your tailor r who s voir tailor?
That's the inest suit I ve ever 'cen'
but I tell them, don't you see. If yo want to walk with me,
you will have to be a Soldier of the king.
Then you line is inside the cost you shove,
When you mins inside the cost you shove,
For the gill ant 24th have for Viales and beauty fought,
It's the little bit of cloth we love"

I ve another that I wear of immortal fame. All the way from County Clare, you will know its name. If I put it on my back you will shout "Bravo" Where can I get one like that, eb, my boys? what ho !

"Who's your tailor? who's your tailor? That's the finest suit I ve ever seen."

It's the little bit of cloth we like

But I tell them, don't you see ... If you want to walk with me You'v il have to be a So dier of the King. Then you'll look a dan'ts, boys. When your arms inside the cost you shove for we'll give the leu lest cheer for the Dublin Fusil ers, it a the little bit of cloth we live!

5

I) we in mercy Portsmouth Town there are boys in blac. Who have made a golden name glorious and true top at Ludysmath, you know, I wore this for pride. Then the guls at Durban- hot waved their hands and cried.

"Who s your talor? who's your talor?
That the finest suit I we ever seen
I at I tell them don't you see if you want to walk with me
You will have to be a Soldier of the King
Then you I look a dardy, boys,
When your rims in the the coat you shove,
For these colours never ran—of the dardy Naval Man
It's the little bit of cloth we love."

6.

If I go a little trip over foreign lands,
Whether it son Africa shore, or Lgyptian sands,
I ve a piece of stuff I find, lightens any task,
Foes all know it, for you'll find they will never ask—

"Who's your tailor? who s your tailor? That s the brightest thing I've ever seen "But I tell them, don't you see, that beneath it I am free, And protected by the Soldiers of the King So we feel a dandy, boys, When we see it flutter from above, For the Union Jack so free is the flag for you and me. It's the little bit of cloth we love.

THE MARCH I LOVE.







The song of freedom we have sting, the battle's strife we've fought and won, From Dublin down to Sydney Bay Britainia holds her Naval sway. Like sheep before a storm of rain, we drive the form in back again, Who was it up at brave Gleneoe, that made them all shout "What Ho?

It's the march of the sons of Queen Victoria.
Who made the Dutchmen bunk a doodle do
All the way from Ireland to Pretona.
Boot and saddle, lance and rifle time
Here's to the "Shamrock' – take your hats of.,
Let's raise a hon's howl above.
For the tune that always cheers is "The Dublin Fusiliers"—
It's the march, march, march I love

3

I love the boys of Scotland bight, who fight with all their Highland might, The brave Rob Roy McCrepor O, and Johnny Anderson m' Joe; For on the Macs there are no flies, we'll sink their praises to the skies. What is the echo Scotland sends from out her mountain top and glens?

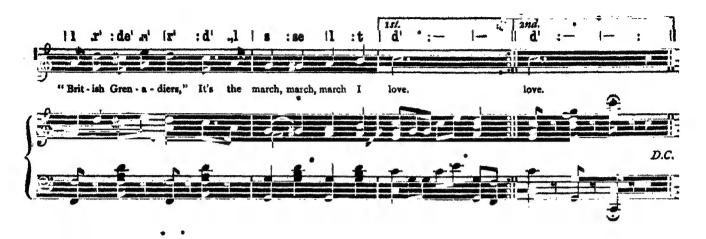
It's the march of the sons of Queen Victoria,
Who made the Dutchmen bunk a-doodle dis
All the way from Scotland to Pretoria,
Boot and saddle, lance and rifle true
Here's to the "Thistle" tale your hats on,
Let's raise a lion's howl above,
For I love the Highland by of the bonnie "Scots-Wha Hae,"
It's the march, march, march I love.

4

"The handy man" who looks so fine, who came in just the nick of time, From off his clipping man of war, he made the raging cannons roar. With his 4.7 inch long gun, he taught the Dutchmen how to run, Who was it gave them all short shift and saved the day at Ladysmith?

It's the march of the sons of Queen Yictoria, Who made the Dutchmen bunk a-doodle-do. All the way from Portsmouth to Pretoria, Boot and saddle, lance and rifle true Here's to the Navy—take your hats off, Let's raise a lion's howl above; For I always touch m' cap to the tune "We all love Jack," It's the march, march, march I love.





The song of freedom we have sung, the battle's strife we've fought and won; From Dublin down to Sydney Bay Britannia holds her Naval sway. Like sheep before a storm of rain, we drive the foeman back again, Who was it up at brave Glencoe, that made them all shout "What Ho"?

It's the march of the sons of Queen Victoria.
Who made the Dutchmen bunk-a-doodle-do.
All the way from Ireland to Pretoria,
Boot and saddle, lance and rifle true.
Here's to the "Shamrock"—take your hats off,
Let's raise a lion's howl above;
For the tune that always cheers is "The Dublin Fusiliers"—It's the march, march, march I love.

3.

I love the boys of Scotland bright, who fight with all their Highland might, The brave Rob Roy McGregor O, and Johnny Anderson m' Joe; For on the Macs there are no flies, we'll sing their praises to the skies. What is the echo Scotland sends from out her mountain top and glens?

It's the march of the sons of Queen Victoria,
Who made the Dutchmen bunk-a-doodle-do.
All the way from Scotland to Pretoria,
Boot and saddle, lance and rifle true.
Here's to the "Thistle"—take your hats off,
Let's raise a lion's howl above;
For I love the Highland lay of the bonnie "Scots-Wha-Hae,"
It's the march, march, march I love.

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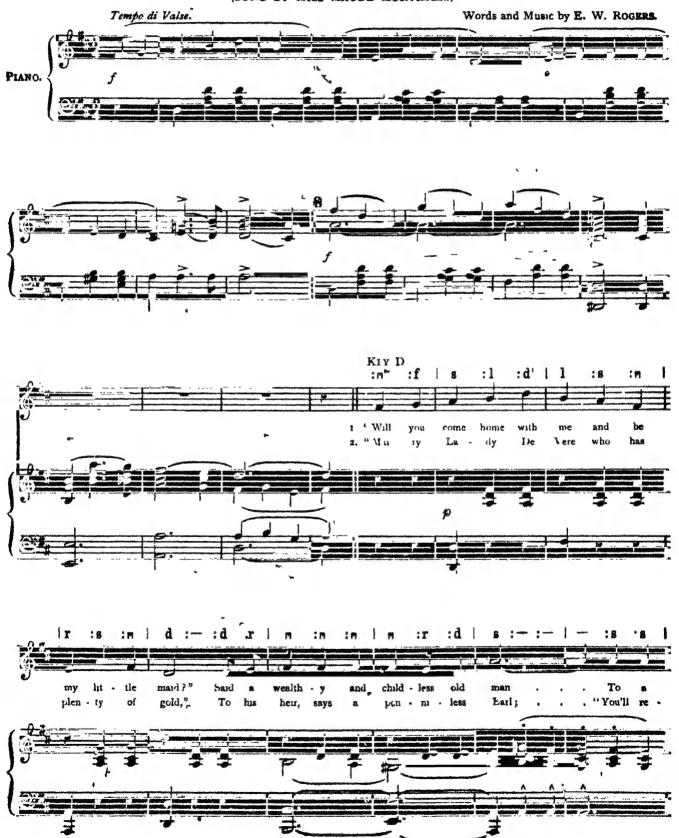
WHILE I AM WITH YOU.

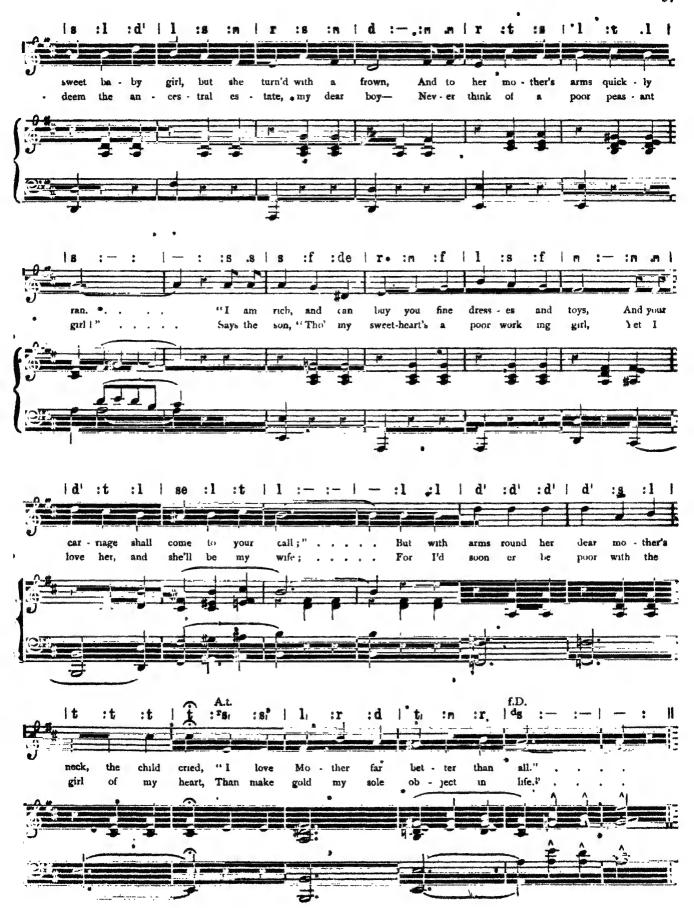




YOU CAN'T BUY LOVE.

(SUNG BY MISS MAUDE MORTIMER.)







ALL OF A DITHER-EM.





Three years I courted my dear Clara, at last to her I proposed—I was highly delighted when I was accepted, of course you'll all suppose I took her to the jeweller's to hay the ring when the fellow brought out the case,

[face.

And knowingly said, "I suppose it's a 'wed,'" I nearly went black in the I was all of a dither em, (Sym) All of a dither em; (Sym) When Clara said, "I love my Ned," I didn't know whether I stood on my head,

For I was all of a dither em, (Sym) She'd fairly gone on me-Recollections always make me all of a dither em a dec.

On my wedding morning without any warning I was downstairs at six, Tried to get my pants on over my head, got in a deuce of a fix. I fried a letter instead of bacon, went to church without my purse-

I'was all of a dither em, (Sym) All of a dither em; (Sym) In every pocket I started to roam, found I'd left the ring at home! Then I was all of a dither em, (Sym) when the Parson said to me, "You can get off home, as the wedding is postponed," I was all of a dither-em a dec.

We had been wed on thiricen years and had no family—Once in a hurry, feeling merry, off for the doctor, see? He was upstairs, without delay, asked for the nurse, Miss Brown—I stood on the floor outside the door to hear every little sound.

I was all of a dither-em, (Sym.) All of a dither em; (Sym.)

To try and keep cool it was my choice, but when I heard a little

voice I was all of a dither-em, (Sym.) when nurse Brown said to me, "You are the Pa of three fine sons," I was all of a dither-em a

ALL ON THE FIDGETTY FUDGE.

(SUNG BY GEORGE BEAUCHAMP.)





Once I went for a stroll
With some dear little soul;
Oh, she fairly mixed and muddled me,
Called me Rertic—kissed and cuddled me.
We both went to sit down,
When Maudie she gave a yell
She sat on a hive of bees, Great Scott!
Then Maudie said, "I'm not well"

She was all on the fidgetty fidge, fidgetty, fidgetty fidge.

Down her neck a swarm of bres.

District about with perfect are any

Buzzed about with perfect ease—
She said, "Find 'em! they must owe me a grudge!"
They were an on the fidgetry fidge, fidgetry, hidgetry andge.

One night I was so queer,
Had pains all about here.
My old gal said, "I" be master now—
You'll just have a mustard plaster now
She soon had a beautiful one,
And said, "Are you ready, John "

While I was taking off my shirt,
I or her to put it ou—
I was all on a fidgetty fidge, fidgetty, fidgetty fudge.
When the missis with a smack

Slapped the plaster on my back,
It slipped down, and oh, it wouldn't budge—
It stuck on my fidgetty fidge, fidgetty, fidgetty fudge.

Once at Mud-on-the Slosh,
I thought I'd have a wash.
Took my clothes all off my figure, O,
In the sca went like a nigger, O;
When I was going to come out
To put on my togs, oh lor t
I spotted a crowd of females
Watching me upon the shore.

I was all on a fidgetty fidge, fidgetty, fidgetty fudge.
All the ladies on the Beach
Shouted, "Ch, you little peach!"
They said, "Come out—we ain't a going to budge!"
They were all on my fidgetty fidge, fidgetty, fidgetty fidge.

WE'RE ALL PALS TOGETHER.



Will be the Chorus success of the year.



How jully it is when we meet far from home, All pals together!

We are, never mind in what country we roam, All pals together !

A Briton's a friend, never mind what he lacks," May our Colonies never on us turn their backs, But to dear Mother England stick tighter than wax, All pals together!

We're all pais together, &c.

Confusion to those who would sneer at the toast, All pals together!
Instead, it should be every man's proudest boast, All pals together !

This life is too short to be grumpy and sour, We ought to enjoy every brief fleeting hour, So, boys, sing the chorus with forty horse power; All pais together !

We're all pals together, &c.

With our Royal Family, Britishers are

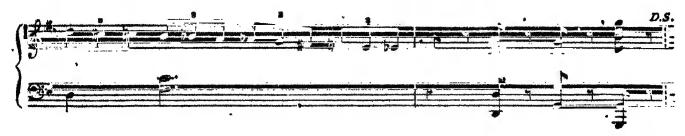
All pais together!
One family with good King Edward as pa, a
All pais together!
Of good wishes to him, I'm sure there's no dearth, For his travels abroad prove to us his great worth; He has tried to make all the great nations on earth All pals together!

We're all pals together, &c.

CAN'T YOU GO FURTHER THAN THAT?







I'm not exactly a millionaire,

I never ride out in a hansom,
I cannot afford it, so ne'er make a fuss;
One day I was seated inside of a 'bus,
And I said, "Conductor, I want to go along Cheapside,"
He said, "We finish at Charing Cross," so to that conductor I cried—

("What!) Don't you go further than that?"

Don't you go further, than that?"

I took my ticket for Charing Cross,
But someone frightened the blooming horse;
We dashed in a jeweller's shop,
 The window we all tried to miss:
As I sat pulling bits of glass out of my face,
 I said, "Don't you go further than this?"

3.

I took my girl for a pictuc once—
We went for a stroll in the coantry;
We sat down to rest in a quiet retreat,
A dirty old tramp came and sat on the seat;
And he seemed to fidget about, so I asked him if he'd clear—
He simply moved to the end of the seat, so I whispered into his ear—

("Er) Can't you go further than that?"

Can't you go further than that?"

Now at that moment my arm I placed

About half-way around my girl's waist;

The tramp commenced staring at me,

As there in the shadow we sat,

When he saw that my arm was but half round her waist,

He said, "Can't you go further than that?"

4

I strolled along by the Thames one day,

A fellow stood on the Embankment—

He'd got quite a number of pebbles, and he

Was trying how far he could throw them, you see!

He threw them one by one, 'twas it most peculiar whim,

His furthest throw was a hundred yards, so I went and whispered to him—

("What!) Can't you throw further than that?

Can't you throw further than that?"

I picked a brick up and said, "Watch me!"

But two men passed in a boat, d'yer see?

The brickbat hit one in the ear,

He threw up his sculls and fell flat,

When his pal told him who threw the brick in his ear.

He said, "Can't you throw further than that!"

COOKING THE COCK OF THE NORTH.

(SUNG BY HARRY BUDFORD.)





We took him out of the saucepan then, And covered him over with ice; We stuck a pin in the parson's nose, And stuffed him with treacle and rice. But all of a sudden he gave a leap, And then flew under the bed; He shoved his head in the washing basin, Then wiped his nose and said—

2.

"Cock a doodle," &c.

We stuffed his poverty corner up With sage and potatoes as well, We fired six shots at his marble arch, And three at his darby kell. We shoved him into the oven, and then We made up the fire nice and high, But he kick'd the door of the oven right off, And then again started to cry—

ζ.

" Cock a doodle," &c.

The lodgers came down, and the neighbours they All said, "It's a pity to try
To cook such a bird if it wants to live,
Well don't let the poor devil die."
So we tied him up to the bedpost with
A rope and the table cloth,
And all he got saying was "Let 'em all come !
For I'm the cock of the north."

"Cock a doodle," &c.

EIGHTEEN.





2. I met a gentleman last night Who keeps our vidage cobbler's; He took me for a lovely walk All over rock and nobblers We went into each restaurant For drinks, we seemed to want em, He said, "One more," I said, "No, no, I've had my usual quantum

"Lighteen! I ighteen! I never go beyond cighteen; When a girl's had eighteen gins,

'Tis then her trouble oft begins

Eighteen! Eighteen! you all know what I mean— Some girls would sit in pubs all night, But I never go beyond eighteen." 3 Of husbands I have had my share,
Some good, some rather other,
But rather than I'd wed again
Myself I d go and smother
A man proposed to me last hight,
Said, "Share my land at dea "le"
I said, "No, no, of husbands, su,
I ve had my little parcel

"In hteen! Eighteen! I never go beyond on hteen;
When you've had eighteen of the bost
I think it's time to take a rest.

I is h een! Lighteen! you all know what I rean—
My tombstone contrict has run out,
So I c innot go beyond eighteen."

4 I went out to a ball last night
And was, so fasciniting,
That quite a score of gentlemen
To see me home were waiting
We hailed a four wheeled cab outside
And into it did lumber b
I said to cabby, "Right away!
We've got our usual number

"I; h een' Eighteen! I never go beyond eighteen; Whenever in a cab I ride, I do like lots of room inside

Eighteen! Eighteen! you all know what I mean— Some girls like scores to see them home, But I never go beyond eighteen."

FOR THE WEEK END.

(SUNG BY MISS VESTA TILLEY







He stayed in the gay Rue de St. Honoré, And carly next day, perfamed on a tray, The garçon arrived with a letter for Brown, The note of some fair demoiselle. The waiter said, "Sare, 'tis a letter for you!" Said Brown, as he read it, "By jove! billet doux!" And the note ran, "At six order dinner for two, And promise your wife not to tell."

For the week end, just the week end, He thought he'd run over to Pans through Dover; You can spend such a week end When you're over in France on your own.

3

Said Brown, "Though a stranger, I think she'll be nice," So Champagne in ice, regardless of price, Fresh oysters and paths de foie gras as well, He ordered with wines of renown; At six by the clock he sat counting each tick—A rustle of silk, then the door gave a click, And the lady walked in who obtained the odd trick—Great Scott! 'twas his wife, Mrs. Brown.

Spoken. And she suid-

"For the week end, just the week end,
You thought you'd run over to Paris through Dover;
You will spend such a week end
When I get you back home on my own!"

HAPPY HAMPTON.

(SUNG BY MISS VESTA TILLLY)









We drive along at lightning speed, the girls turn out to see us pass, We sing a song or two, we are a lively crew; Of course we mean to have some fun, and shall before the day is done-We mean to rouse the echoes ere we get to Bushey Park. With some Johnny Dewar in a flask, We have an easy task, we simply mean to bask, All you have to do is simply ask, We'll fix you, but kindly keep it dark.

Driving down to Hampton, &c.

Little Clara Johnson, who is known to be a trifle shy, Must bring her dear mamma, who is so popular-There's four-and-twenty stone of her—the plucky horses do their best To break the "bally" record, so they tug with all their might. Ev'ry little urchin loudly sings, "She'll break the blooming springs, she ought to have some wings;" These remarks and other nasty things They're shouting until we're out of sight Driving down to Hampton, &c.

HE PUT THE IDEA IN MY HEAD.





In the town where I lived was a Temperance Hall;
I went in one night just by chance,
And seated next to me was such a sweet girl,
Who gave me a sly little glance.
The audience went, and the maiden and I
With the lecturer were left on our own;
As the lecturer went out for his hat he'cxolaimed,
"Leave all thoughts of firting alone."
He put the idea in my head;
Yes, he put the idea in my head!
When he left the room she was ten yards from me,
But two minutes after she sat on my knee.
I wasn't to blame—
Ile suggested the game,
And put the idea in my head.

The wife and I on our honeymoon trip
Went over to giddy Ostend,
Where in the blue sea all the visitors there
Go bathing with his or her finend
The weather was warm, so we went for a dip,
On swipning the wife was keen,
But said, ere she went, "Now, don't make a mistake,
And get in someone else's machine"
Well, she put the idea in my head,
Yes, she put the idea in my head;
I made a mistake as a matter of course,
And now the wife swears she will have a divorce.
I wasn't to blame—
She suggested the game,
"And put the idea in my head.

* Written by ERNEST SHAND?

My mother in law had a terrible tongue
And used it quite frequent and free;
She'd come on a vasitand stop for a year,
And all the while nagging at me.
One day she went out and she fell off the pier,
In the water she bobbed up and down!
I ran for a life belt, but she hollered out,
"Are you going to leave me here to drown?"
Well, she put the idea in my head,
Well, she put the idea in my head!
It's some time ago now since she and I met,
And for all that I know she's bobbing there yet;
Well, I wann't to blame.
She suggested the game,
And put the idea in my head.

I'LL BE WITH YOU PRESENTLY.

(SUNG BY EDWARD KENT) Words and Music by EDWARD KENT. Allegro modes to 8 ••• Kry D le with you presit by (ft we hear felks say ! Jones says it, that phe he flee to catch Smith drawls And 3703 PWDE : . t d 1 d .,d : d .,d |f I bought the "L - cho,' rall : .1, 1 1, .,1, :t .,t. 11, .,l, |s,4 .m : d ,d | ti change it, Sir," the news - boy yelled, "Be " I'II with you pres - ent ly " a crown, you see, rall.



IT'S A FING I NEVER INTERFERE WIV!





Nah, there's my old gal, she do annoy me so at times,
Though, o' course, I am't one to make a str;
But she says, instead of 'er a workin' 'ard for me,
That I ought to go alit and work for 'er.
There's a nice fing to say ababt a chap wot's satisfied
If 'e just gets 'is bacey, beer and grub!
Nah, yer dou't find me grumble-in' at Liza ev'ry time
Site's at work at the mangle or the tub.
It's a fing I never, &c.

There's a cert'in lady, which 'er name is Mrs. Brahn,
And she's one of Eliza's customers;.
Though she ain't no friend o' mine, I know er pretty well,
"Gause the wile's done 'er washin' nah for ye'rs.

- Mr. Brahn, so they tell me's a commercial traveller, And I've noticed that when e's act o' tahn—
- Course, I don't say a word, but when the washin' comes along— There's some shirts there wot don't belong to Brahn.

 It's a fing I never, A.c.
- There's a ladies' boardin' school just back o' where we live,
 And the gals are of diffrent sorts and kinds.

 Ev'ry ev'ning reg'lar when they 'ave to go to bid,
 You can see all their shadders on the blinds

 Tother night, while I sat and watched their little goings on,
- Tother night, while I sat and watched their little goings on Quite by chance in the room the missis popped; And she said that I ought to see the gov'ness o' the school, And at once 'ave the exhibition stopped. It's a fing I never, &c.

No.





She rises each morning at five,

Her voice she commences to pitch;
I wish that I wasn't alive,
Or she was dead, I don't care which.
I ask her, I humbly implore
To cease her most horrible squall,
She only starts once more
"Oh, I'll be your sweetheart," that's all!
Jane! Jane! Jane!

You're at it again and again!
The Showman's hyena imagines he's seen her,
And copies her notes with a strain.
No cat of your voice would be vain,
You'd drive cockatoos quite insane;
Undertakers rejoice at the sound of your voice,
Oh, Jane! Jane!

She dines ev'ry day about two,

But then I don't get a respite:

She sings when she don't need to chew,

And howls between every bite.

Alas, while her dinner digests,

She stirs up her organ once more,

And yells till the mice leave their nests,

"We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

Jane! Jane! Jane!

You'll give me disease of the brain!

I wish that some Law Tax was laid on your thorax

Instead of tobacco or grain.

If only your jaw-bone you'd sprain,

Relief for awhile we'd obtain;

Oh, winds from the South, blow some mud in the mouth

Of Jane! Jane!

When Jane went away to the sea,
She chartered a drawing-room floor,
And yelled in a G minor key
Till lodgers all left by the score.
The coastguard at nightfall turned out
Prepared for a storm, but I guess
They took the top note of her shout
For the cries of a crew in distress.
Jane! Jane! Jane!

Your scream gives each window a pane;
It causes commotion of shells in the ocean,
And makes the waves roar in disdain.
The cockles detest her refrain,
The life-buoys drop down the town drain:
She lets out a screamer and sinks ev'ry steamer,
Oh, Jane! Jane! Jane!

When Jane goes to church, for a change,
She joins in the song of the choir;
Her notes are so fearfully strange
They sound like a call to a fire.
The Verger falls down on the floor,
He can't stand the terrible row;
The Farmer looks in from next door—
He thinks they have found his lost cow.
Jane! Jane! Jane!

The Organist starts to complain;
Contraltos and Basses they all lose their places,
Your hymn splits the steeple in twain.
It's twisted the weathercock's vane,
It leaves on glass windows a stain;
The Curate and Vicar shriek madly for liquor,
Oh, Jane! Jane!

б.

When Jane goes to stay with her aunt,
Who lives somewhere down in Soho,
She won't stop her singing, or can't—
The neighbours all sell up and go.
She wants to "come out" on the stage,
But when she sang at a bazaar,
The audience all rushed in a rage
To find the first door to the bar,
Jane! Jane! Jane!

Your throat's like the neck of a crane,
Your scandalous squalls do more harm to St. Paul's
'Than a vibrating underground train.
It curdles the blood in the evein,
It drives the gas back to the main;
The people who've heard her shout "Help, p'lice," and "murder!"
Oh, Jane! Jane!

LET'S GO ROUND THERE NOW.

(SUNG BY FRANK COYNE.)





2.

Reading "The Matrimonial News" I saw one morning
There's an agency where any man can change his wife;
I made the old gal dress herself without a warning,
I found out where the place was, and I shouted "What a life—

"Let's go round, there now—let's go round there now, P'r'aps I'll find a gul to make a lot of me, To swop for my old human hippopottamee; Don't delay, and don't you make a row—Let's go round there—let's go round there, Let's go round there now."

3.

Outside my house I saw a p'hiceman on night daty.

He was waiting there until he saw "you gills" go out;

Up came another "slop" and oh! the aitful beauty,

He watched me out of sight, then to his pil began to shout,

'I ets go round there now—let's go round there now, While he's out we're sure to catch the slavey in.

And get our bit of grub with a'l the gravy in.

Don't delay, and don't you make a row.

Let's go round there—let's go round there,

Let's go round there now."

4

Somebody told me once he'd got six fine big daughters,

None of them were married, and they'd never yet been kissed,

He said to me, "Some day I'll take you round their quarters,"

But I soon grabbed him by the arm, and said, "This can't be missed—

"Let's go round there now—let's go round there now! When those guls start kissing and a-loving me, They'll find I've got the heart of a dove in ine; Don't delay, and don't you make a row, Let's go round there—let's go round there, "Let's go round there now."

5.

When I was down at Margate for a night last summer, I kept fancying I heard a noise outside my bed,
Two little Margate natives spotted this new comer;
They called out all their army, and in ensect language said,

"Let's go round there now—let's go round there now, While he's fast asleep and iff a snorium, We'll have one bite just off his 'Sanatorium,' Don't delay, and don't you make a row, Let's go round there—let's go round there, Let's go round there now."

LOVE'S LANGUAGE

(SUNG BY MISS VESTA TILLEY.)







The language of flow'rs has been sung of ere to-night, "Forget me not" you'll find in all love letters; And as a rule we don't forget when we've tied the knot, And get, tangled in the matrimonial fetters.

The tooty fruity language is a language by itself, You're the apple of my eye's been used for ages; But the one that I like best, that'll stand a bit of test, Is the one that's used by all the modern sages.

g.

Quietly take your oue, &c.

There's another flowery language you hear down in the east,
Such as "Strike me Pink," and "Liza, you're a daisy;"

She calls him her Sweet William, he says "Now then, chuck it, May,"
When they're coming home at night a trifle bazy.

And when the slop says "Move on," there's another language flows,
That you don't remember learning down at college.

Still this one's very nice, just try it once or twice,
It's one that all true lovers now acknowledge.

Quietly take your cue, &c.

THE MIDNIGHT SON'S FAREWELL.

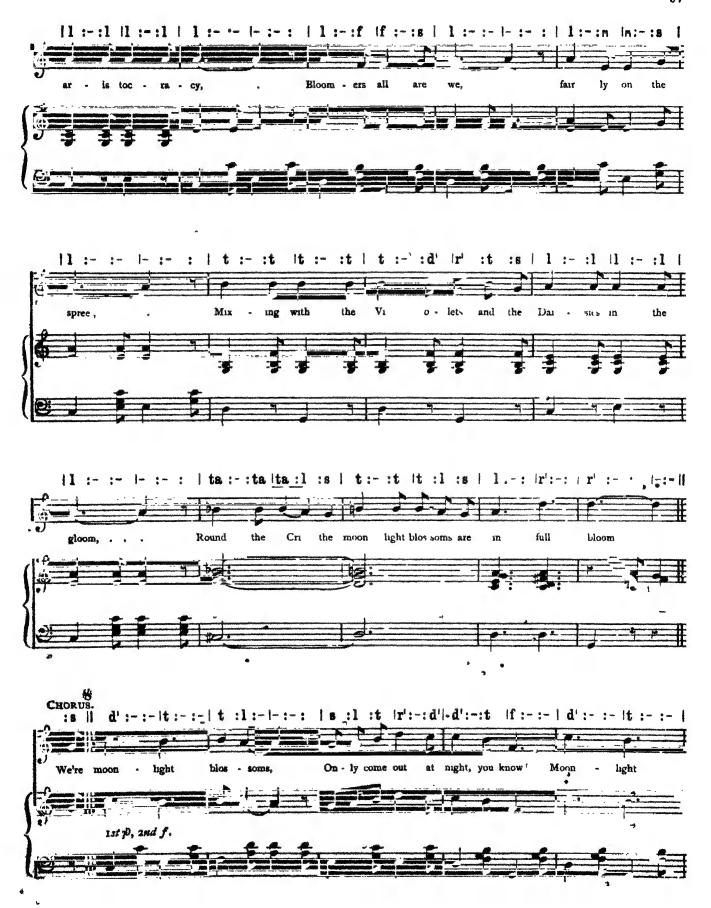






THE MOONLIGHT BLOSSOMS.

(SUNG BY MISS VESTA TILLEY.) Words and Music by E. W. ROGERS. Moderato. : | s :s :s +fe :- :| | s :- :- |- :- :s | moun - light blos - som t:-:1 |1 :-:-you know, of the Or . chid Squad, nod, But | ad : d : d | t_i : - : r | the night blos-som-ing bright pe - tals and bloom the flow'rs of the the west with our





With drooping heads in the day we nod, till our valets slow
Just moisten our petals with S. and B.,
Ready to bloom again are we;
We plant ourselves in cabs, stimulants make us grow,
And we join the Regent Street flower show.
Bloom around the Empire where all the hot-house flowers sport,
Lady blooms we court, artificial sort—
Old male blossoms damp so often with Dewar's Scotch Perfume
Till at last their flow'ry noses are in full bloom.

We're moonlight blossoms, &cc

.

We bloom a time in the stalls, to supper we then take flight,
And giddy young blossoms to "Cham." we treat,
Lily, or Rose, or Marguerite.

We spend our every cent, and planted left and right,
We're found on deorsteps often at morning's Kght.
In the morn the p'heeman comes and his form above us towers,
And with mighty powers shifts us faded flowers,
Locks us up—that's how we go till we're old and full of gloom.
Then our sons, our sprightly cuttings, are in full bloom.

We're moonlight blossoms, &c.

MY STARS; or, The New Astronomy.

(SUNG BY EDWARD KENT, ALSO BY WILL E. EDWARDS.)





When a youth I spent my evenings at a lively rate,
And when my father asked me why I stayed so late,
I said it was Astronomy, the stars I'd tell—
He didn't see it, and I got the stripes as well!
Then at the West End Music Halls I'd nightly call,
And gaze through opera glasses from a front row stall,
Where I'd watch the Serio Comics or the charming Sisters Flirt,
And see the pretty dancer twirling in her skirt!

Stars, stars, beautiful stars!
Lotties and Totties and giddy Berthas:

Lotties and Totties and giddy Berthas; They'd more fascination for me by-and-by Than those twinkling little ones up in the sky.

I proposed and was accepted by a star named Flo,
And furnished her a villa in a high-class row;
But found she was a shooting star, and I was done—
She shot the moon, and bolted with an old Duke's son.
Then I went in for betting and got lots of snips—
I used to read the Star to get the latest tips;
But the crowning joy of all to me, which gave my woes the sack,
Was that dear little bottle full of cognac.

Stars, stars, three little stars!
That is the brandy to get at the bars;
It had more attraction for me at that age
Than those pretty and tricky ones upon the stage.

I indulged rather too freely with that three star brand,
And stood so many drinks that I could hardly stand;
And I'd crawl home in the morning about half-past-three,
Then with a cracking head I'd lay me down and Dee.
One night, when rather later than I'd been before,
While searching for the key-hole dodging round the door,
I was taken for a housebreaker by policeman 42,
Who blacked my eye, and then there came before my view—

Stars, stars, myriads of stars!
Pain and his fireworks, without the hurrahs!
I wished, as I bound up my poor wounded eye,
I was back with those fittle ones up in the sky!

O, O, CAPITAL O.



"Lucielle" (Casil Johnson).
Will rival this melodious composer's "Juliant."

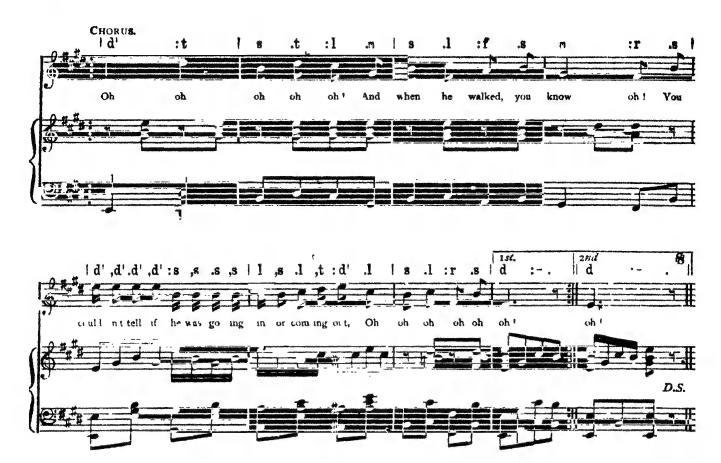


Did you ever hear such rot in your life!
I've more trouble with this than I have with my wife;
I've been chased round the town by a man with a knife,
Who's balmy through singing this chorus.
The words they are putrid, the metre's all wrong,
And it gets a lot worse, too, as we go along—
So please leave the Hall if your heart is not strong;
It gets on your nerves, does the chorus.
In case you've forgotten the haunting refrain,
I'll chance being shot and sing it again.
O, O, capital O, &c.

The manager's tearing his hair at the side,
And saying, "Come off!" but I sha'n't move a stride—
By the clause on my contract he'll have to abide:
I'm singing a song with a chorus.
He's bet me a quid I forget the last verse,
But I think that he'll have to dive down in his purse.
The song's bad enough, but singing it's worse,—
I'm stuck! I've forgotten the chorus!
If I don't sing it right, it's a quid off my screw,
So please let it rip, and perhaps I'll pull through.
O, C, capital O, &co.

OH OH OH OH!





One day I went to the sea on pleaser bent,
Oh oh oh oh oh oh!

Just to have my annual bathe I meant,
Oh oh oh oh oh oh!

I found a nice quiet spot upon the beach,
And I just wet my big toe o oh,
When some girls behind the rock
Yelled and gave me such a shock—
Oh oh oh oh oh oh!

Oh oh oh oh oh '
Before I'd time to go, oh '
I hey went and told a pol ceman
That I showed my dignity—
Oh oh oh oh oh oh t

3- ,

What was it made him crawl?

He said he'd dropped his—bat—

Oh oh oh oh oh oh!

Oh oh oli oh oh!

He stopped there down below,

For underneath the table

Were some of the girls as well,

Oh oh oh oh oh oh!

Oh oh oh oh oh oh !

Oh oh oh oh oh oh

He was crawling to and fro,

Carrotty Kate was the girl who stopped out late,
Oh oh oh oh oh!
One night we both stood at her back gate,
Oh oh oh oh oh oh!
I couldn't see her, there was such a fog,
And she said, "Young man, you're slow"
And then she squeezed my thumb
And said, "Kiss your yummy yum"
Oh oh oh oh oh!

Oh oh oh oh!

I went to kiss her, soI struck a match, and suddenly
caught sight of her face—
Oh oh oh oh oh oh!

I took the wife just to see a bit of life,

Oh oh oh oh oh oh!

To a theatre, and there was strife,

Oh oh oh oh oh oh!

We sat and watched all the fat ballet girls

Dressed in tights, in that front row,

The missus chanced to see

One of them wink at me!

Oh oh oh oh oh oh!

Big Bertie Strong used to play at Pingy Pong,

He didn't play with the girls very long,

Under the table on his hands and knees

Oh oh oh oh oh ! `
I said, " Dear, let us go,"
But on my own I'm going there
Again to-morrow night
Oh oh oh oh oh oh !





1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, FUNNY LITTLE KIDS.





- There's my furniture—a table and a chair, the bottom's tumbled out,
 And some crockery without a handle on, a jug without a spout
 Our piano, if you pulled the wires out, would make a fine coal scuttle
 I can't part with my old woman's new michine, because she's been and lost her shuttle.

 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c
- 3 My wife's used the feathers from the feather bed to decorate her hat f'
 if you want a fine spring mattress you will have to spring upon the mat
 ber the frying pan there s our old saucepan lid, a lovely bit of metal
 if you want a bath to soak the baby in, you'll have to use the old tin kettle.

 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c
- 4 Any fellow now who wants to settle down, had better settle up—
 Such a bargain you will never have again, as suite as my names Jupp.
 If you buy the missis and my little tribe, to prove that I'm no dodger,
 I'll sell you my marriage lines for half of shag, and come and be your young man lodger,
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c.

RIGHT ON MY DOO-DAH.

(SUNG BY HARRY CHAMPION)





I was taken for a mug one day,
Swop my bob, it's right, fancied I could fight;
I put on the boxing gloves all gay
With a ten stone champion.
Hit him in the wind-hag, my wife said,
Go it, Ted! mind your head!
Then the scrapper raised his dook, and took his aim,
And I saw hreworks as it came—
Right on my Doo-dah. Right on my Doo-dah-day,
I begin to shake like an aspen leaf,
For he had a fist like a hatchbone of beef,
Oh, lor's musy was all that I could say
When it came down smack with a whack, whack,
Right on my Doo-dah-day.

Talk about the seaside, I have spent
All my holidays at a game that pays,
Going out a-hopping with the kids in Kent,
But I never shall forget—
Sleeping in a barn one moonlight night,
Strike a light, straight, it's right!

There was something buzzing underneath the clothes,
And soon I felt some Mos qui toes.—
Right on my Doo-dah.—Right on my Doo-dah-day,
The wife said "Lumme, I have got it, Joe!"
She pick'd up a chopper and she gave one blow,
"Oh, lor's mussy" was all that I could say,
For it came down smack such a whack, whack,
Right on my Doo-dah day.

4.

Once my blooming house it caught on fire
While I was in hed —I went off my head I
Ran upstairs to save old Aunt Maria,
In my little short night-shirt.
I stood on the roof all black with smoke,
'Twas no joke, It to choke;
As I got upon the fire-escape, lor' knows i
One of the firemen turned his hose—
Right on my Doo-dah—Right on my Doo-dah-dsy,
For the tail of my shirt it was all alight,
So I slipped down the fire escape in my fright;
"Oh, lor' a mussy" was all that I could say,
When I came down smack with a whack, whack,
Right on my Doo-dah-day.

ROSE, ROSE, ROSE.

(SONG.) Words and Music by R. TEMPLE, JUN. KEY G. 1. There's a well known in this some - times,





SCOTCH AND POLLY.

(SUNG BY MISS VESTA TILLEY.)







THAT'S PAI

(SUNG BY MISS VESTA TILLEY.)





2.

At home you'll find a kind of Pa who's always dressed in black, Who reads long prayers—drinks lemonade and other beastly tack; Three times a week he's working late—that's what we boys are told, And we're expected to believe late work makes him look old.

But on late nights that bald party sitting in an Empire stall
Ballet-gazing with delight—that's Pa!

There's somebody with a lady on each arm so fair and tall
Who says, "Ducky, I'm all right!"—that's Pa!

But the lady waiting home who's saying ev'rything but prayers,
With a broomstick in her hand—is Ma!

Later on that bunch of rubbish you see lying on the stairs,
That's Pa! that's Pa!! that's Pa!!!

And then there is the sea-side Pa, in splendid yachting clothes, And all about the sea and ships he tells us boys he knows; He points a coal-hulk out and says, "There! that's a man-of-war!" But see him when for one hour's sail he leaves his native shore.

There's a gent who goes aboard and smokes a big cigar the while,
With a gargle in his throat—that's Pa!
One who says he's "feeling jolly"—with a yellow sickly smile,
Who o'er sick folk doesn't gloat—that's Pa!
There's a something hanging o'er the vessel's side—which he can't leave,
And at whom the fishes laugh ha!
Then a lump of damp and misery upon the shore they heave,

4

You'll sometimes see a kind of Pa whose dress is very flash, And don't his youngsters have a time, and don't they get some cash. The folks say be's a gambler on the Turf, but yet it's strange They scorn him—but they do a bit upon the Stock Exchange.

That's Pa! that's Pa!! that's Pa!!!

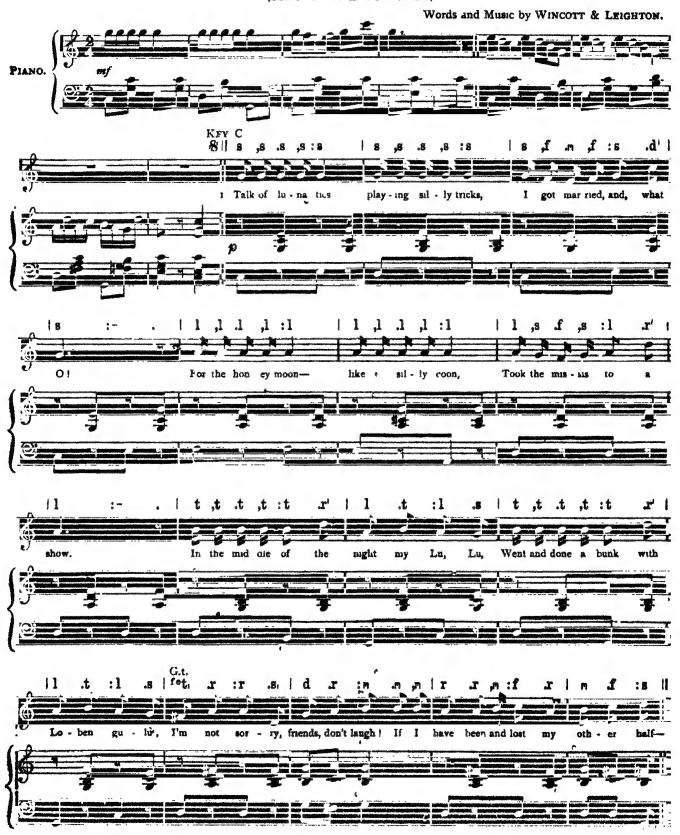
There's a party sayin' "I'll lay six to four" at Kempton Park
And his talk is rather coarse—that's Pa!
In the cv'ning he says, "Drink up, boys, I'm out to have a lark!"
And he'll put you on a horse—that's Pa!
There's a hollow-eyed chap touches him, says, "Guvnor, I'm clean broke,
And the kids are starvin', straight, they are."
There's a vulgar chap that hands a "tenner" to him, with a joke,
That's Pa! that's Pa!! that's Pa!!

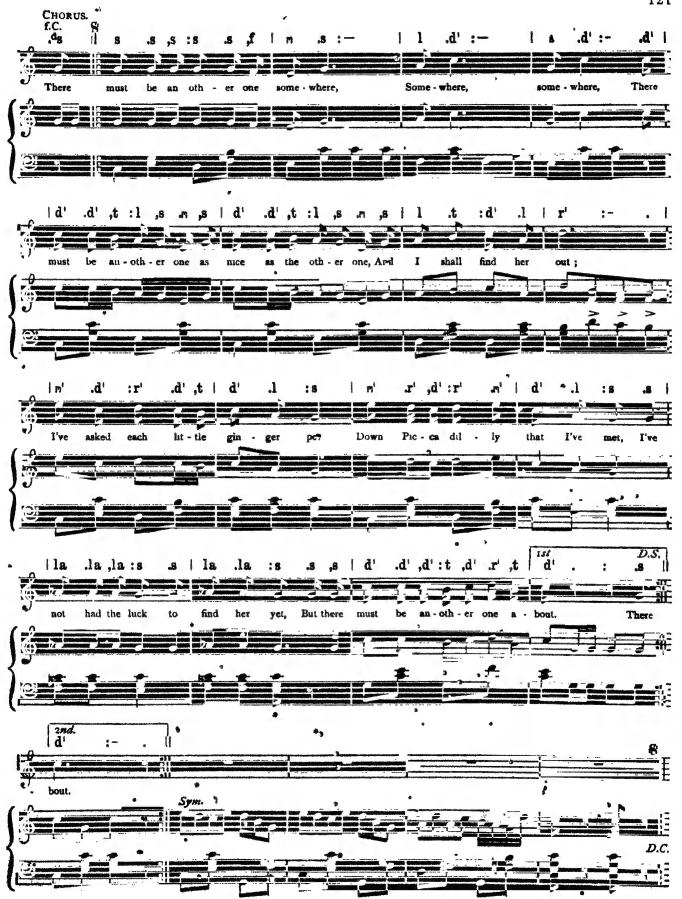
A great swell is the swagger Pa—a captain in the Guards, With hig moustache and drawl haw! haw! a demon too for cards; A mashing, dashing, scented beau who leads a gilded life, A hero to his children, and an idol to his wife.

On a troopship stands an officer, who waves a last good-bye
To a woman on the shore—that's Pa!
There's a valiant man whose motto is to conquer or to die,
And who's always to the fore—that's Pa!
There's a man who gains Victoria's Cross—too late comes his reward,
For in London sets a fond wife's star,
There's a hero's name amongst the killed on our War Office board.
That's Pa! that's Pa!!

THERE MUST BE ANOTHER ONE SOMEWHERE.

(SUN@ BY T. E. DUNVILLE.)





t.

Talk of lunatics playing silly tricks,
I got married, and, what O!
For the honeymoon—like a silly coon,
Took the missis to a show.
In the middle of the night my Lu, Lu,
Went and done a bunk with Lobengulu;
I'm not sorry, friends, don't laugh!
If I have been and lost my other half—

There must be another one somewhere,
Somewhere, somewhere,
There must be another one as nice as the other one,
And I shall find her out;
I've asked each little ginger pet
Down Piccadilly that I've met,
I've not had the luck to find her yet,
But there must be another one about.

2.

Yesterday, oh lor', I was frightened, for
I had such a twisting pain; [here,
Doctor said; "You're queer"—slapped some plaster
Somewhere near my abdomain.
When he called this morning to inspect me,
I looked just as if the crows had pecked me,
He said there were two, somehow,
But I can only find one plaster now.

There must be another one somewhere,
Somewhere, somewhere,
There must be another one the same as the other one,
Those plasters don't wear out.
"I slapped it on there," said Dr. Prown,
"It's slipped from its place, I'll bet a crown
You'll find where it's stuck when you sit down—
There must be another one about !"

3.

Once I took my tart—bless her little heart,
To a Sunday School treat—straight,
Gave her donkey rides—other things besides,
Presently Matilda Kate
Sat upon a wasp's nest, and one joker
Bit her on her neck enough to choke her.
She said, "Come and find it, do!"
After I'd caught it she cried—"Oo!—

There must be another one somewhere,
Somewhere, somewhere,
There must be another one as big as the other one,
So fetch the bounder out;
Let me go home at once to see;
I'm afraid of wopses—oh, Charlie!
It's stung-me under the mulberry tree,
There must be another one about."

4.

In our neighbourhood we are extra good,
Never heard a Tom cat "meow"—
Our she cat at home—often used to roam
On the tiles alone, but now,—
She stops out for days and nights together,
Only coming home in stormy weather.
My wife said, "I thought, my dear,
Our cat was the only one round here—

But there must be another one somewhere, Somewhere, somewhere, There must be another one, and I'd like to smother one, Since she's been stopping out;
Six new kittens arrived this morn,
Poor little things, they look forlorn—
Where's the wandering parent gone?—
There must be another one about."

5.

My old woman said, "Where's that tuppence, Ted,
I gave you to spend last night?"
I said with a grin, "I have done it in."
She said, "How?" I cried, "All right,
Penny I have spent on Sarsperella,"
How I spent the rest I could not tell her.
She cried, "Oh! you dirty dove,
Thought I was your only lady love—

But there must be another one somewhere,
Somewhere, somewhere,
There must be another one—if I find the other one
I'll scratch her blinkers out;
You spend tuppence and you can't say where,
You've not got a bit of love to spare.
Where is the female? for I swear
There must be another one about!*

THE OOFLESS DUKE.

(SUNG BY MISS VESTA TILLEY.)





I don't mind telling you that things are looking blue,
I'm stony broke, and much afraid can't go the season through;
Kind ladies, do be nice, step up and pay the price.
You may think me a luxury because my debts are large,
But do not let that keep you back—I make no extra charge.

Well tailored up and groomed, in newspapers it in boomed,
But if the heiress don't turn up I'm much afraid I'm doomed,
So, ladies, don't be shy—dear girls, I'll tell you why—
My pins and rings, and all my debts I'll sell for ready cash
So, girls, buck up and save a titled Johnny going smash i Ladies, step this way, &c.

Ladies, step this way, &c.

THE STUTTERING MAN AND THE CUCKOO CLOCK.





Poor Jones was fairly haunted by this awful cyckoo clock,
For whenever he had anything to say,
The time door would open with a sudden little shock

The tiny door would open with a sudden little shock, And that little bird would chirp the hours away.

Now he loved a maiden fair, and he asked her home to tea, As he thought it time her hand and heart to woo; so he heaved a mournful sigh, and he went down on his knee,

And he whispered as the clock began to coo!-

"May I ker-ker-ker-ker-ker-ker-ker"—Cuckoo!
"Cal) this little hand my own?

It will ker-ker-ker-ker-ker-ker-ker "—Cuckoo!"

"It will kill me to live alone!

• Will you be my own sweet "-Cuckoo!

"Oh, please do not giggle and mock "-

Then he stooped down to kiss her, and the clock struck on And he fiercely struck the clock.

Now once he gave a party, and invited half the town, And it really was a very lively show;

Then as a gifted tenor, poor old Jones thought he'd go down, But that clock to show him up was never slow.

He was asked to sing a song, and the guests did loud applaud; "Well, I don't mind if I do," he proudly said;

Then he coughed, and rose to sing, "Oh come in the garden, Maue But that horrid cuckoo clock came in instead.

"Oh! er-ker-ker-ker-ker-ker-ker-ker"—Cuckoo! "Come into the garden, Maud,

For the ker-ker-ker-ker-ker ker-ker "—Cuckoo! Then he cried, "That old clock's a fraud!

So I'll have to ker-ker "--Cuckoo!

With laughter the room did rock—

With a few naughty adjectives, old Jones wound up, But they couldn't wind up the clock.

One night the clock was stolen, and old Jones was mighty gay, And he laughed to think no more that bird would mock—

But in the court next moining, the first charge, to his dishiay, Was the robber with his very cuckoo clock!

And the pris'n'r, like the clock, had his hands before his face, For he knew he too was going to do time!

And poor Jones looked sad and pale, as he listened to the case.

Then he murmured as the clock began to chime—

"I must ker-ker-ker-ker-ker-ker-ker"- Cuckoo!
"Commit you for trial," said he,

"For this ker ker-ker ker-ker-ker-ker "—Cuckoo! Then he muttered a big I)—! 1)—!

All the court laughed at that cuckou,

And so did the man in the dock;

And they all started betting on the clock and Jones—

THE WIDE WORLD.





9.

Now here is the tale of a man who got lost In the wide world.

The trackless Australian desert he crossed, In the wide world.

They made him a Cannibal King for a while, He rode out on turtle back, dressed in a style Consisting of nothing at all but a smile,

And the wide, wide world.

the wide, wide world.

It's a wide, wide world,

Such a very wide world.

When Truth's so far fetched

Well, it gets a bit stretched

In this awfully wide, wide world.

3

When people get married then two become one in the wide world.

So marriage should lessen the population Of the wide world.

It doesn't however, and therefore we see That Love and Arithmetic do not agree;

We add one and one, and the answer is "three!"

In the wide, wide world.

It's a wide, while world,
Such a very wide world.
When they carry on so,
It's a comfort to know
It's an awfully wide, wide world.

The general servant is scarce now-a-days
In the wide world.

But, to make up for that, she keeps changing her place In the wide world.

I knew one who died, when about to collapse, She said, "Well, it's a good place I'm going to pr'aps, But I'll leave in a month if they make me wear caps In that wide, wide world."

It's a wide wide world,
Such a very wide world.
And the "registry" shop
Always comes out on top
In this awfully wide, wide world.

5.

Now Golf is exceedingly rampant to-day In the wide world.

And we all know the person who brags of his play To the wide world.

As he whacks at the ball both his shoulders he humps, With an action that's highly suggestive of "jumps;"
Then he fills all the air with bad language, and lumps

Of the wide, wide world.

It's a wide, wide world,

Such a very wide world.

If he hits it at all,

Then he loses the hall

In this awfully wide, wide world.

6.

Our Merchants are some of the busiest men In the wide world.

They can drive a hard bargain, or drive a bold pen,

With the wide world. They tell you they haven't a moment to spare,

But if England is playing Australia, I swear They are not at the office. Where are they? Oh, where?

Ask the wide world.

It's a wide, wide world,

Such a very wide world.

"Go it, England! well played!!"

Shouts the general trade

Of this awfully wide, wide world.

7.

Explorers who've travelled all over the face Of the wide world,

Say the African desert's the driest dry place

In the wide world.
But the real "bonafide" explorer says not.
He says England on Sunday, when cold or when hot,
And the pubs are all closed, is the driest dry spot

In the wide, wide world.

It's a wide, wide world,
Such a very wide world.

When it's three miles or more
To the publ's welcome door,
It's an awfully wide, wide world.

8.

There's a game being played, known as "planting the flag,"
In the wide world

But it's merely a name for attempting to bag.
All the wide world.

It's a very good game too, when properly played, list y, when your flag's there, to move it you're made, Live't swagger and bluster, for no one's afraid

Don't swagger and bluster, for no one's afraid.
In the wide, wide world.

It's a wide, wide world, Such a very wide world. And you want, sure enough, Something stronger than blaff In this awfully wide, wide world.

9

From Russia the Czar sent a message of peace To the wide world.

He wants to see armies and navies decrease In the wide world.

And to put his pacific proposals to proof, Upon warships he's spending uome milhons of "oof," Now, can it be Russia is trying to spoof

All the wide world.

It's a wide, wide world,

Such a very wide world.

We say that it's ot,

And we'll hold what we've got

In this awfully wide, wide wor'd.

10

Dear President Kruger is every one's pal
In the wide world.
In his innocent fashion he thinks the Transvaal
Is the wide world.
It is plain stout and mild, and he's always on tap,
And he is such a guileless, engaging old chap,
That he'll one day be lovingly wiped off the map
Of the wide, wide world.

It's a wide, wide world.
Such a very wide world.

But there's no longer room
For obstructions like Oom,
In this awfully wide, wide world.

THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.





Brown was sweet on Mr. Jones's daughter, Grace,
And oft to her a wireless kiss was hurled,
Told his love, then flashed the secret into space,'
Which went to all the records in the world!
Brown and his lady fair built their castles in the air!
A lowing wireless wooing they both had.
At last Brown thought it time that he heafd the wedding chime,
So sent this little message to her Dad—

CHANT,-"Tell your daughter to meet me 'neath the willow tree, Kew Gardens, Sunday afternoon-I will Ling the ring."

Off went the wireless telegram
To the Foreland, the Norland, as well as to West Ham!
Climbed the Eiffel Tower up in gay Paree,
Settled on the light-ships out at sca.
Brown's face was a study, that Sunday, to view—
He found waiting under the willow at Kew,
Not only his girl, but sixty two
Operators' lovely daughters!

Brown's estate is noted for its gardens fair,

His rose-trees are the finest in the town,

All day long he cultivates his plants with care,

They've won him many prizes with renown—

Yet not a tiny spray would he ever give away.

Once for his selfish meanness he atones—

Jones liked his flow'rs he knew, so he thought he'd spare a few,

And sent this wireless telegram to Jones—

CHANT .- "Send your servant to Sprig House, Harlesden, to-morrow, and she can take away as many roses as she can carry."

Off went the wireless telegram
To the Foreland, the Nor'land, as well as to West Ham!
Climbed the Eiffel Tower up in gay Paree,
Settled on the light-ships out at sea.
Brown's language was beautiful when, the next day,
His garden being stripped of its roses so gay,
He saw, calmly carting them away,
Crowds of operators' slaveys.

Brown oft wondered, when his message went its rounds, It seemed to bring the folks from far, and near! So he wired to Jones to send him twenty pounds—To that no answer ever did appear! To ask Jones' kids, you see, to a free and easy tea, Old Brown one day thought he would condescend. So he went on his tiles, all aglow with kindly smiles, And sent this little missive to his friend—

CHANT.—Send all your children over to Sprig House, Harlesden, to-morrow afternoon to tea—will take them to the pantomime afterwards. On no account forget the baby."

Off went the wireless telegram. To the Foreland, the Norland, as well as to West Ham! Climbed the Eiffel Tower up in gay Parce, Settled on the light-ships out at sea. Next day Brown was haunted by Tottles and Sams, They swarmed up his doorsteps from 'busses and trams, His greet it was fairly blocked with prams

Full of operators' kiddies!

THEY'VE ALL GOT STICKY BACKS.





THICK-EAR'D JIM.







TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. (SUNG BY FRANK COYNE.) Words by FRANK W. CARTER. Music by Robert P. Weston. OKAIC.





In our top room there's a beautiful familee,

The husband's a troublesome gent,

He never pays me any rent,

And if I ask him he threatens to murder me.

Though our door I keep showing 'em, don't you see,

They won't go, for they're having a game of spoof,

Therefore they will have to go through the roof, and

To-night's the night then number's up, they'll have to get out, To-night's the night, to-night the ghost of Landy Jane,
I've screwed every door,
While I sleep, you see,

And poured some paraffin on the floor, Beneath their bed I've put some dynamite— They'll live rent free in a warmer shop, and To-night s the night, to-night.

3.

Now every year Mr Solomon has a fire,
He finds it a capital way,
Of making his business pay,
He's well insured, and his furniture's all on hire,
And last night he met Cohen, a "Holy Friar"
Cohen, he had no money so he tried to kid,
He said, "I could do with a half a quid, and

"To-night's the night; a tear comes on the tip of my nose,

Cos, I'm sorry, Mo,
About your fire of a week ago "
Said M.o, "Be quiet,—shut up, or we shall fight,
For the fire it vasn't a week ago,
To-night's the night, to night."

A haunted house I'm a living in flow, you see,
I'm having some glorious fun,
For twice in the well, when it's one,
A lovely maid of the seventeenth centuree
Comes to haunt me, and awfully kind is she;
I feel shy when she's calling me "noble duke,"
Now you know why I ve got an anxious look.

To-night's the night, to-night the ghost of Lindy Jane,
While I sleep, you see,
Commences having a game with me
So twice a week I get so cold with fright
That I go to bed with my trousers on, and
To-night's the night, to-night

EXTRA VLRSLS-I.

Now down our street all the Salvation meet,
Their barracks are opposite me,
And out of my window I see
Their artful games, you can bet it's a lovely treat.
Like last night when a lassie got on the seat,
She stood raving and flinging her arms about,
"Do not wait, my brothers" I heard her shout—

"To night's the night, perhaps too late to morrow may be,
Oh! come, join the Corps—

For is you're sinners we want you more, And once a week we turn out every light, So now then, up with your hands at once, To-night's the night, to night!

Now sister Jane she got marined a week ago,
And just for a couple of bob,
Old Uncle get on with the job
Of putting right all the furniture in the show;
I went round just to superintend, you know—
First he knocked all the crockery off the shelf,
Then I heard him whispering to himself—

*To-night's the night, to-night I claim a couple of bob,
But they'll cop the spur,
For though I've got all the furniture,
They'll get no sleep, for someone out of spite
Has bunked away with the bedstead key, and
To-night's the night, to-night."

WE ALL JUMPED OUT OF BED.







Down in Margate lodgings once we crept beneath the clothes—There we saw an army of young red coat mosquitoes.

So we all jumped out of bed, all jumped out of bed, And on the floor beneath it we went to sleep instead;

We let them starte to death, no food could they obtain;

Then Mother and me and the family went back to bed again.

Mother bought a sheep's head cheep, one evening at a sale;
In the night that "Jimmy" cried because it had no tail.
So we all jumped out of bed, all jumped out of bed
When we heard the "Ba-baa," come from that sheep's head.
It jumped out of the pot, and boited up the lane.
Then Mother and me and the family went back to bed again.

Once a pair of lovers underneath our window stool:

She kept saying, "Kiss me, John!" he wouldn't, tho' he could

So we all jumped out of bed, all jumped out of bed,—

"Kiss, and get it over quick!" everbody said. [plain,"

Then we heard her say, "Oh, John! you want a chave, it's

So Mother and me and the family went back to bed again.

Once we had our sleep disturbed, and fright was on each face—
We thought it was an carthquake, something fairly shock the place.
So we all jumped out of bed, all jumped out of bed;
"It's a gas explosion!" everybody said;
But we found it was a policeman kissing Martha Jane—
So Mother and me and the family went back to bed again.

WE'VE ALL BEEN HAVING A GO AT IT.

(SUNG BY HARRY CHAMPION.) Words and Music by HARRY WINCOTT & HARRY LAIGHTON. Arranged by J. S. BIKER. Mo les ato. PIANO 'd':-: s | s : s : f | m : m : f | s :- :- | I here's some lodg crs |d':-:s |s :s :\f m :m :f |s :-: -| s :t [|r| :-:8 :r :r day, d em hob, Want ed īŧ cook'd, heard say; Mo - ther clean'd up is :- :- i fe :- :s Il :fe :1 :r | s :- :1 :1 it : m that chick-en The Charged 'em WILL



٠.

Talk about a penh'orth of fun,
Yesterday it fair took the bun—
In came the brokers to collar our sticks,
But we were up to all their tricks.
Mother she chased 'em round the room,
Settled their doom with a big broom,
And when father came home at night
And said, "Where's the brokers?" I yelled—"All right!

We've all been having a go at 'em,
All been having a go at 'em,
One's in the dusthole—minus pants,
Another's gone home in an ambulance;
Oh! good gracious, didn't we make a show,
Seventeen of us—besides my'elf—and 'we've all been having a go!

3.

Mr. Jones, our neighbour next door,

Went away for two weeks or more,
He left his bicycle out in a shed—
One day I spotted it, and I said,

"Let's take it out, and learn to ride."
Each of us tried—quite satisfied,
Oh! that bicycle fit for a Prince,
It isn't worth tuppence for old lumber since

'We've all been having a go at it,
All been having a go at it,
Mother rode on it all up the street,
Busted the tyre and broke the seat;
Oh! good gracious, didn't we make a show,

Seventeen of us—besides myself—and we've all been having a go!

Aunt Jemima's come up to stay
With us for a short holiday,
She's brought a bottle of sea water home,
Straight away from the briny foam;
In it she has her morning's splosh,
Does it a nosh, it is a wash!
Since we tumbled to what it was

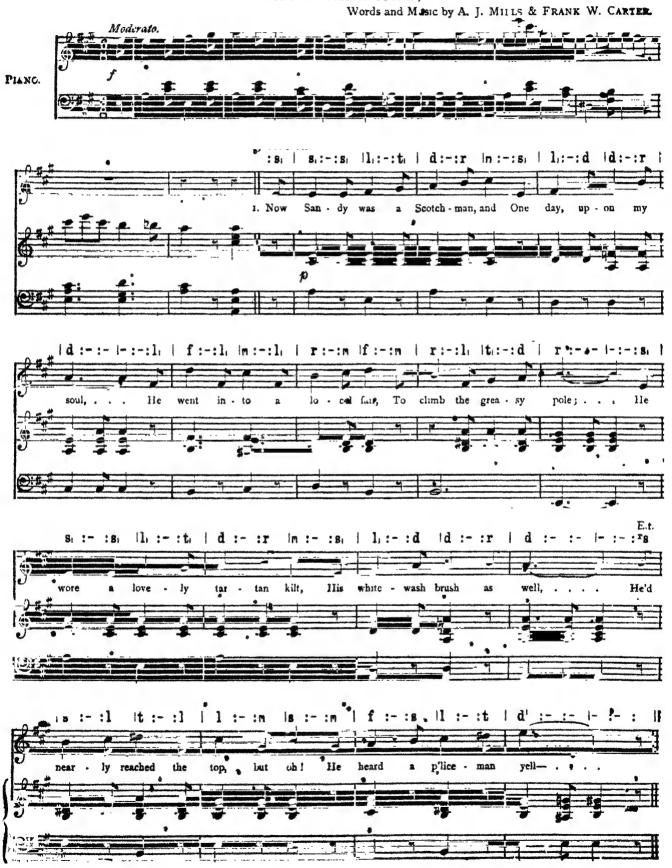
Since we tumbled to what it was
She can't have a bath, and it's all be os'

We've all been having a go at it,
All been having a go at it,
Kidding ourselves we're in the sea,
Talk of the water in the Lea,
Oh! good gracious, isn't it thick—what ho!

Seventeen of us—besides myself—and we've all been having a go!

YOU'D BETTER COME DOWN AT ONCE.

SUNG BY FRANK COYNE.)









OH! MISTER MOON.

COON SONG.







JULIANA.

(SUNG BY MISS JULIE MACKAY.)









SWEETER DAN DE SUGAR FROM DE CANE.







Am't you list nin', ma no icy, to dis tune?
Am't you thinkin each minute ob dis coon?
Don't you know dat he wants your answer soch
Dat it's "yes" dis fond heut tells,
Oh, den, don't let de moments slip away,
You hab only one little word to siy,
So be quick, lub, an' name de happ, day.
For dose joyful wedding bells

· Oh, you're de sweetest, Ac.

43

De ole log cabin's waits an gwine to ring Wid de twang ob dis darkies banjo string, An' de song dat he'll nebber cease to sing, "Yes, de same sweet inclodic.

Till dis black curly head im white assnow, An' de light in de lamp am burnin' low, Like a brook in my heart dis tune shall flow. Dere's no other song tor me.

Oh, you re de swectest, &c.

DE SAME OLE MOON AM SHININ'.

(SUNG BY MISS ETHEL SYDNLY)





Years reed on, in de lig black coon

An les D nah were married in de old sweet way.

Devine sweethears yet, he donn terget

To lub, to hono ir and obey

Soon dere came just a tiny coon

'Dat rolled up happy in de cradle 'sleep.

Dad an' maminy den would watch de rising ob de moon,

A' donce again he sang dat song, twas till de sanie old time—

'De ame ole moon ane shinin', &c.

Forty years, an de big 'lark-coon'
An his Dinch now am bry cld an crey,
I ber hand in hand, together stand.
Until for ober called away.
Love dat lives ain de priceless boon.
Dat makes dem happy as de day is long.
An' when across de nicadow he espies dat so itl ern moon,
As in de days ob long ago, you'll hear him gently croon—
"De same old moon am shinin'," &c.

AWAY IN OHIO.

(SUNG BY MISS LELIA ROZE) Music by ARTHUR DESMOND Words by CHAS M. TAYLOR. & Moarrato PIANO. KEY C .d' is 1 Oh! heigh - o, heigh o, way can hear de Bin - jo's m can hear de Ban ın 11 Oh! b g heigh - 0, heigh - 0, 0 hright õ way ın - Thi Last e,n đe LID m 11 .se Ju - lie moon; can hear mine, can SCL Ju mine, rall sing it wid pro-mised this kın' dream, je ' ob Some one used to her Stand - in' my side Jes when you for





Dance through twice, finish dance with refrain of song

WHY WON'T YER LET ME KISS YER?









MA LITTLE HONEY-BLOSSOM.







COLOURED ANGELS.







CREOLE BELLE.







Is A : d ,m - | ft | r : r' ,r | f | s : t ,r - | m s, sell de :r m | f life, knew such joy, this moment of my When the " The 2ND CHORUS. 11. |- .l. :t. .d | s .d :r .m | s - .de :r .re ! po and f. .d I d. :f 8211

BEKASE I'SE ALWAYS LAFFIN.





HONEY! SPEND YOUR HONEYMOON WITH ME!

(SUNG BY HISS JULIF MACKEY)



)



Hear me swear I lub you, honey, Honey, spend your honeymoon with me.





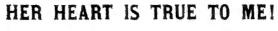


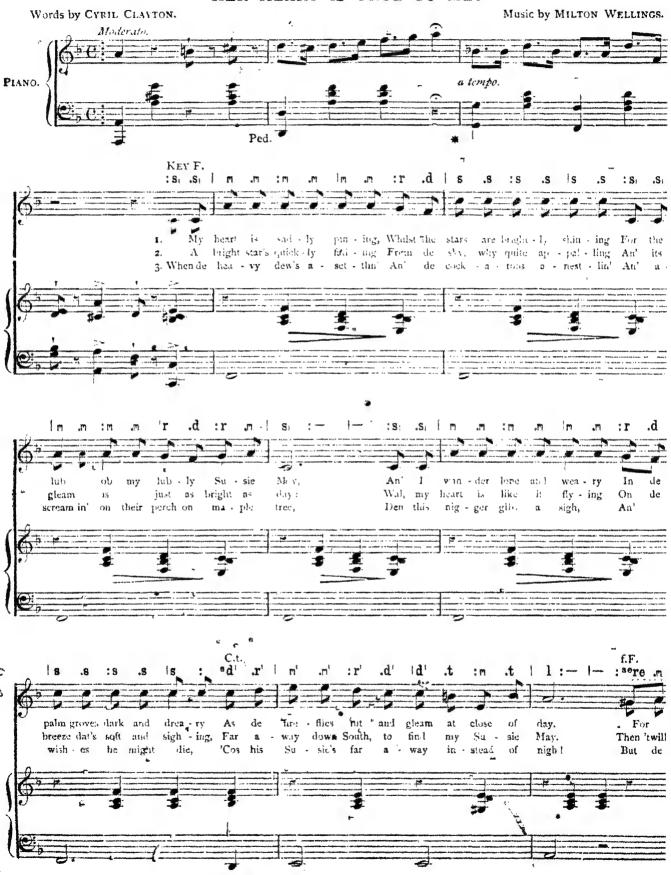




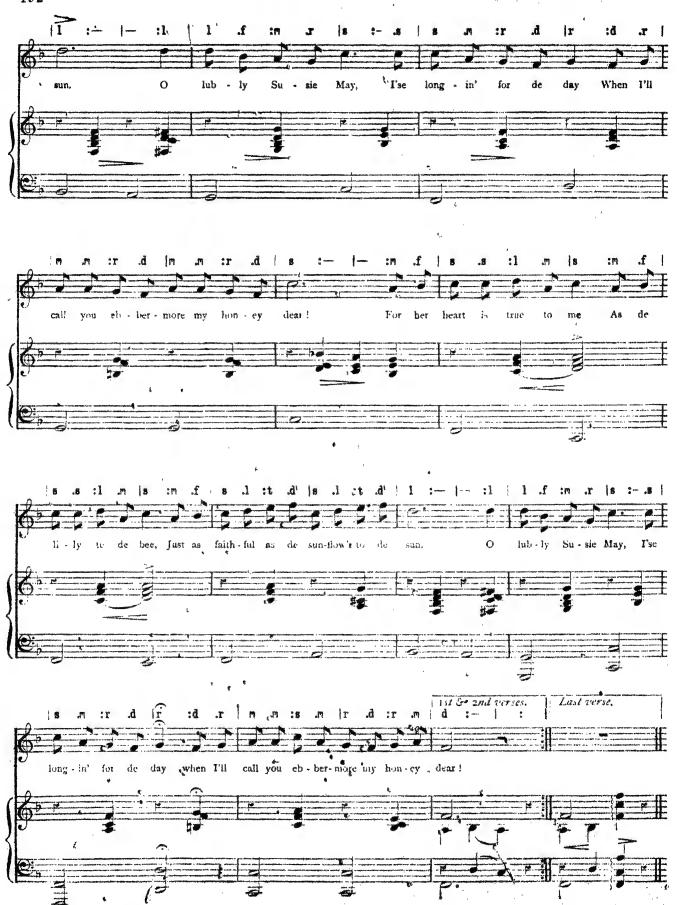












SAY "AU REVOIR," BUT NOT "GOOD-BYE."





I WAS OUT IN HALF A TICK; or, T. I. E. I. A.

(SUNG B HARRY CHAMPION)





The robin seemed to understand the words the child had said, For he linger'd near the doorstep in his morning search for bread. His tiny chirrup was so sweet and with the cene did blend, Whilst the poor waif was contented that at last he had a friend. The bells began to ring, and tokin, timid thing, Got so startled he flew of into the row;

The child, in pleading tone, said, "Don't leave me alone, It will make me so unhappy if you go,

'Tis Christmas, twelve money later; in the mansion sits a boy Whose lot is all contentment, and his Yuletide one of joy; A friend in need is one indeed, and friend indeed he had. For the lady of the mansion sh, took in the homeless lad. The robin once again hops to the window pane, To find that lots of crumbs now come his way; And robin seems to know, as he hops to and fro, That the food's placed there by him who used to say,—





PULL AND PUSH.







I TOOK IT HOME TO MARIA.

(SUNG BY FRANK SEELEY.)





My old woman she bought a Bi yele for twenty bob,
And she tells me it's nicev nicey when she's on the job.
Passing by a ragshop to-dity, I saw a lovely pair
Of Bloomers hanging outside the shop, just fourpence, I decline
So I went and bought am quick, you see,
And when they wrapped am up for me—

I took 'em hone to Maria--'cos 'Ria hadn't one,
I by y were just the sort to admire, but oh! what have I done?
A soon as she tiled to get in 'em, she shouten, "Look here, Jack, be int get 'em ever inv! ees at all so you'll have to take 'em back."

In our little back vaid we've got a lovely chicken run,
And my miss's she says -" ()h what i shame we haven't one
Fowl to put in the chicken house". When I heard her say that
I prowled all over the neighbours' vards just like an old Tom Cat,
Then I grabbed some Rooster by its legs,
The champion for laying eggs.

So I took it home to Mairi cos 'Rii hidn't one,
It was just the Bird 'o admire but oh' what have I done?
As come as she potted that chaken, she should, "I ook licie lack,
If it don't his bacon as well as engy you'll have to take it back."

My water being a farmer's dischible won't drink milk, oh no? She declares it is chalk and water, mixed up just like dough So I went to the cattle show, and in the daily there, When they stirted to milk the cows, I had to stop and stare I resently come i an told me the tale, Sold me an old cow and a pail.

And so I took it home to Maria, 'cos' Ria hadn't one, It was just the cost to admire but oh! what have I done? As soon a she sported the ceature she should, 'I ook here Jack, How can I in kir's this cons a lutt, so you'll have to take it back."

Péople thuk that my fice looks bonny, but my wife you know,
Say to me, 'Now why don't you, Johnny, let your whisker grow?"
The I we in med hair ies one on my classand found my nose,
Not a sign of hair has come a sprouting, Holy Mose
In a barber's shop to day I saw

A lovely curly moustachios, oh lor!

And I took it home to Marii, because I hadn't one, It was jist the thing to admire, but oh! what have I done? As soon as the spotted my whishers, she should, "Look here, Jack, If it doesn't tickle me properly, you'll have to take it back."

Foor Mana, the ail the ladies, wants to ride a horse

But a clothes horse, I m much afraid, is her one last resource
How can she ride up Rotten Row with the ladies grand,
When I can't afford a horse, not even one that's second hand's

i ut a costermenter who was broke
For eighteenpence sold me his moke

And I took it home to Maria, 'cos 'Ria wanted one,
It was just the moke to admire, but oh! what have I done?
As soon as she spotted the donkey, she shouted, "Look bere, Jack,
You mustn't bring your relaw ons here so you'll have to take it back."

My wife tells me the wints a slavey in the house, I say!
She's got ured making piet and gravy, and to day—Hooray!
I met one, such a prefty dear, this mortany in the Park,
Lovely eyes, golden hair, well, there I'll pass no more remark
For we had a chat on the strict () T,
Then I said, "You come along with me"

And I took her home to Maria, 'cos' Ria hadn't one, the was just the girl to admire, but oh! what have I done? I soon as the spotted the slavey, she shouted, "Look here, Jack, Unless she's going to sleep out at night you'll have to take her back."

MY EAST-END GIRL.





THE LATEST LONDON BETTING.

(SUNG BY BESSIE FEATHERSTONE.)





There's many 'midst the starters who have not the slightest chance. And every time you meet them you can spot them in a glance, The chap who wheels a bath chair at that game may be a star, But the betting goes against him when he drives a Motor Car.

It's two to one he doesn't understand it,
But just to show his lady friend his skill,
It's four to one he tries to pass a Frain Car,
It's thirty-three to one he never will
It's five to one when he gets record speed up,
The way to stop the ear he's quite forgetting,
It's ten to one the Coroner says "Accidental Death!"
That's the Patest I ondon Betting

3

We yell out "Rule Britannia, and do other silly things, But closer observation proves that no results it brings We loudly boast of freedom and the liberties enjoyed. But the betting shows us why we have so many unemployed

It's two to one your baker is a German,
Your cock he is a Frenchman, on my soul,
It's four to one your laundly man's a Chinee,
At d five to one your barber is a Pole,
It's six to one that Fingland's not for Linglish,
And aliens the upper hand are getting,
It's ten to one that if you buy a turnip it's a swede,
That's the latest I on long betting

. 4

It might be interesting if I handleap the powers,
The best must carry top weight, so I'll make the top-weight ours;
A lot depends on tookeyship to take them round the bends,
There's money for the lot of them, they each and all have trieves.

It's ten to one on Fn, land as a nation,
And as a pewer it's nine to one on France,
Ger many of course comes in the betting,
America must also have a chance
There is a certain power, a doubtful starter,
Her backers very dubious are getting,
Tho not on Continental lists, the favourite is Japan,
That's the latest London Betting

5.

There's a handicap in which each one of us can have a say, Our numbers go up in a frame upon Election Day, We've got a Pretty Polly, it's a pity they're so few, They've called him pretty Fanny, but still I think he'll do.

It's sixty-six to one upon the Tories,
It's any odds against the Lib'ral crew,
It's thirty-three to one against them finding
Another Gladstone just to pull them through.
C. R. seems to fall at every hundle,
And Rosebery's form is most upsetting,
It's ten to one on Chamberlain to give them all a stone,
That's the latest London Betting.









2 "With foreigners we must compete,
Put were they in every street
Their presence never would drive me away,
England's my birthplace, and here I shall stay.
Our land, my boy, is the wealthiest yet,
And there is gold to be carned, don't forget,
I know my labour with not be in vain,
And it I work hard with muscle and brain—
"Don't at the tat." Are "Right at the top," &c

While one h, d b id link o er the foam, The other succeeded at home, Here in the hurry and turmoil of trade He worked is willing as some fellows played Slowly, but surely he managed to climb Right to the top of the ladder in time Young men in Lingland, there's room if you star Working and striving with this in your heart-"Right at the top," &c.

WHEN THE EARLY-MORNING SUN COMES IN.

















THE CHIRP OF THE LONDON SPARROW.





2.

The perkiest London Sparrow Is the schoolboy—age sixteen— When he takes out his country uncle Who gay London ne'er has seen; "Come on, Uncle, dear old chappie! Say-where shall we wander first? Let's go to the Café Royal, Bai jove, I've an awful thirst!"

"Eh? what's mine? lemonade? stow it, old 'un, no jokes; Waiter, two 'S. and B.'s,' and two fat shilling smoke;; Fine girl that, old 'un, eh?"—gives his uncle sly pokes

In the ribs-" figure just a bit narrow! Now, where next—the Museum? say! don't make me laugh! Hansom up—Empire! now uncle—two stalls—no chaff! How de, Maudie and Fio! do I know 'em? Not half!" That's the chirp of the London Sparrow!

3.

A sweet pretty girl at Euston A clergyman wealthy spies, To a seat close at hand she staggers, And sits there, and sebs and cues. " Pray what is the matter, maiden?" She looks up just like a saint--"Oh, sir! I've just walked from Scotland, Lind oh! I do feel so faint."

"I've come down to see mother too late, sir, she's dead!" "Come with me, maiden! Brandv—I've oft heard it said, Is a good thing for faintness,"— off by him she's led

To the bar, where his feelings she'll harrow. "What I no home, and no friends? take these five sov'reigns, pray Good night, girl 1" to her friends as he toddles away She says, "Girls! tiddleys round! luminy! "ve found a jay i" That's the chirp of the London Sparrow!

The Coster his dona takes to An Empire in search of mirth, She says, "What's this 'ere? tip-up seat! It's like sinking in the erf." "A shame "-says he, "they've no licence, I could do a peil of Leer;"

"They're playing the Mashnul Anfum!" Yus, Liza! that's 'cos we're 'ere!*

"Them 'ere acrerbats good! here's the wrestlin' chap! Shall I challenge 'im, Liza? get whacked, eh? mayhap-He's a Russian—I'd lick 'im if I was a Jap—

They are tough, though they're little and narrer. That's a nice little ballid—that girl ain't so slow, What's this 'Fiscal Song,' Liza? why lummy! Hullo! He's made up as Joe Chamberlain! Brayvo old Joe!" That's the chirp of the London Sparrow.

•







There is I'at the Irish boy, and there's Sardy full of joy;
There is I afty, who's a Wei hm in, they all know the way to fight?
There is Canada as well, who has proved 'midst sho' and shell
That Fagland has some a is who could put any foe to flight
And when we've got Australia to guard the Union Jack,
Together with America to part us on the back.

Profend is Rucland, &c.

Let us live in unity, and trust peace will always be.

We don't want to be at loggerhead, normatter who's the foe
But if they treat us with scorn, ev'ry British subject born

Will put his shoulder to the wheel, and let them quickly know

We must protect the British flag or know the reason why.

What are we doing if we don't?—that's India s reply England is England. &c.

SOLID, SUBSTANTIAL, AND THICK: ;





Now, you never see me dressed in mushin or gaure,
No! I n. solid Welsh flannet all through,
And my boots are real boots, for they've been known to split
The skull of a husban t or tw.
And my cooking!— no melt in your-mouth stuff for me—
You want teeth when you tak kie my cake;
Mine's real serious grad, not a parati—well,
You should just try the puddings! make.

They're solid, substantial, an' ('uok, Thorough British you'll find jolly quick.

Not like chewing a ha porth of air, so to speak—
You bet that they don't disappear like a streak,
And when you get 'em down, there they stop for a week,
Solid substantial, and thick!

When I go to the play with a mash—what I like Is a drama, with murders and fights;
Not a spoony affair where the principal thing Is some poor seraggy girl dressed in tights.
And I sup off a neak weighing over a poond;
No champagne—no | I have stout instead.
I can put down a gallon or more, and not wink.
Me get tight? No fear! I've got a head that's

Solid, substantial, and thick,
Thorough British, you il find jolly quick.
And when I give a kiss, it's a smack you can hear,
Not a sloppy affair, like a butterfly's tear;
It's like pullity the bung from a barrel of beer—
Solid, substantial, and thick i

If ever a husband I take on again,
All wirened up mortals I'll bar,

For I've seen a "ne specimen lately of man,
He's a splendid big British Jack Tar;

When he woes me, he don't call me "dovey" or "pst,"
And his arm doesn't half squeeze my waist;
He don't smoke "Larrangas," his baccy is "ahip's,"

"That the folks for mile round him can taste.

It's solid, substantial, and thick,
Thorough British you'd find jolly quick;
He's a perfect old "" dear," though his trousers are "deaf,"
And he spends his cash freely when he is in luck,
And his language !--well, that's like his fine British pluch—
Solid, substantial, and thick!





GALLANT DEEDS; or, HEROES



I wish that I had gone to work or sailed off to Hong-Kong, Before I took a job as waiter in a restaurant; I never have a moment's peace, I'm on my legs all day, I've worn my boots and socks out, nearly worn my feet away

Paster—Pon my word, when I first came here I was a fine, handsome, robust young fellow. Now I'm all roe and no bast. It's such a warrying left brings, waiter—the customers are so rude and ungrateful. Only to-day I was serving a lady with an "ord'erve," when I accidentally dropped a sardine down her back. She got quite annoyed about it—quite cross—though I offered to find it for her. And although she took it with her when she went out I didn't put it in the bill. There's no pleasing some folks. Then I caught an old gentleman the other day—an old gentleman, mark you—playing marbles with the olives, and when I remonstrated with him he shot the pips in my eye. Then another customer, when I brought him a plate of fowl, said, "Waiter, whit so call this?" I said, "It's fowl, air." He said, "It is," quite huffy-like, "smell it!" Well, between you and me, it was more like a humming bird. But I told him firmly if he mentioned it again I should have to charge him for game I Then an old lady last week said, "Waiter, look! look what I've found in my soup—1 red hair!" I told her findings was keepings. That didn't please her, so I said, "Well, madam, if you II tell me what colour hair you prefer I'll ask the cook to dye it for you." If that goes on much banger I shall be nothing but a grease spot. They all shout together—

"Water, waiter," I ve got it on the brain, "Waiter, waiter," 'tis driving me insane, For their Little Marys all day long I cater, Left and right, from mo'n till night, 'tis "Waiter, waiter, waiter."

Our customers are hard to please, no matter how I try, They grumble if the soup is cold, and if the fish is high, An' should the fowl be foul they use foul language loud and long! What if our tea is sometimes weak, our butter's always strong

Patter—I don't know what some people do want. A Johnnie came in to day said he'd have a Utile soup to start with. I was very polite to him. I asked him if he'd like it hot or cold—with sugar or without. He said, "Hot." Then I asked he deat it here or take it with him in a bag. And when I did serve it to him he took one mouthful and said, "What do you call this?" I said. "That's bean soup, art." "Bean soup," said he. Well, I offered to prove my words, because I knew it had been soup ever since I'd been here. Then he said he'd have a lobster. I said, "Lobsters are off!" Then he asked for crab on shell. "They're off, too," said I. "Then bring me a dozen oysters,' he cried. I remarked again. "Oysters are off!" Dash it all,' he said, "have you no shell fist—" "Oh Dyes, sir," "we've pienty of eggs." Well, after a slight argument he called for a couple of boiled eggs. I brought them, put them before him. "Shall I open them?" I asked. He said, "Flease." So I opened one first—then I asked it should open the other. He said, "No, open the window instead." Then he called for lamb and green peas. When I'd fetched it he called me back—said, "Weiter, what's this?" I said, "Lamb and peas, air." "Where's the lamb?" said he. I remarked, "Perhaps it sunder one of the peas, sir, you've got to search for it like the hidden treasure." Then he said, "Well, what do you recommend, waster? You ought to know what's the lest to eath here." I said, "Pardon me, an, I may wait here, but I don't dine here?" Even that didn't seem to please him. A fat old gentleman came in to-day just as I was serving a large party. You know, I'd got ten plates of soup in this hand, twelve plates of fish in that one, and six poached eggs in the other. I was going along quickly—this way. And he was hurrying along—that wa.) Only he was cross-eved, and we man! When I d extracted him from the soup, taken the fish out of his ear, an I parted his hurr with a poached egg, ac turned on me hike a pickpocket. "Why don't you go where you're looking?" said I. Oh'n's aw's.

"Waiter, waiter, I ve got it on the brain,
"Waiter, waiter," it's driving me insane.
For their Little Mary's all day long I cater,
Left and right, from morn the night, 'tis "Waiter, waiter, waiter."

The funny things some folks ask for would fairly make you quake, To-day one called for two doorsteps and a lump of Joe Biake. Another wanted me to tetch him up a pint of thick, And a navvy should, "Flat feet, let's have a two-eyed steak, quick!"

Fatter—I explained to the "nobleman," all our steaks were born blind. And the gent who'd saked for the two doorsteps, I told him this was a restrarant, not a stone mason's. As for the one that wanted a flump of Joe Blake, I explained quietly but filmly, I was not acquainted with Mr. Blake, and had I that bonour I shouldn't like to take the liberty of knocking lumps off him. Besides, he might object. Upon my word, they're always complaints. A lady only yesterday said, "Waiter, this fish is not fresh" "I beg you pardon, madam," I sepided, "we have a burth and death-certificate with all dur ish. I busides, it s a piece of the same ish you had last week-end, and you didn't complain then." Then, another customer asked for a point steak. I asked him how many points he'd like on it, and after he'd got it he said it was too tough, and wanted me to change it. I told him I poyldn't do that because he'd cracked it; so the best thing he could do was to take it home with him—it might come it, handy to sole his boots with. Then a fie. I told him he needn't worry, there was plenty more coffee left where that came from. Then he said, "Waiter, what cheese have you?" I said we had strong, mild, medium, it vindictive. I have down the started tensing it, and it jumped off the table and outmat the window. Oh! I was cross. "You've done a nice thing!" the mail out and started tensing it, and it jumped off the table and outmat the window. Oh! I was cross. "You've done a nice thing!" disturbance." He was that upset he was away and forgot to pay his bill. If this goes on much longer I shall go up the sausage voll, for it's—

"Waiter, waiter," I've got it on the brain,
"Waiter, waiter," 'us driving me insane;
For their little Marys all day long I cater.
Left and right, from mora till night, 'tis "Waiter, waiter, waiter,"









Napsleoh, king of war, on England's peaceful shore Withell bis armies planned descending. But Nelson, brave and true, patrolled the waters blue With pluck and vigoor quite unending. The fleets of Europe one by one be crushed At Copenhagen and the Nile of From sea to sea pursuing thes he rushed. Brave Nelson who saved our Sale.

Nelson! the nation's pride, &c.

But in Trafalgar Bay, while vict'ry crowned the da
His reputation nobly keeting,
He (onquered, but he diedfour here and our pride
And plunged our native land in weaping.
A hundred years ago, and sailors grand
With grief were seen for England's fail!!
His none have left a record in our land
Alike Nelson, the king of all.

c Nelson the nation's pride &c.

THE PALMIST.





